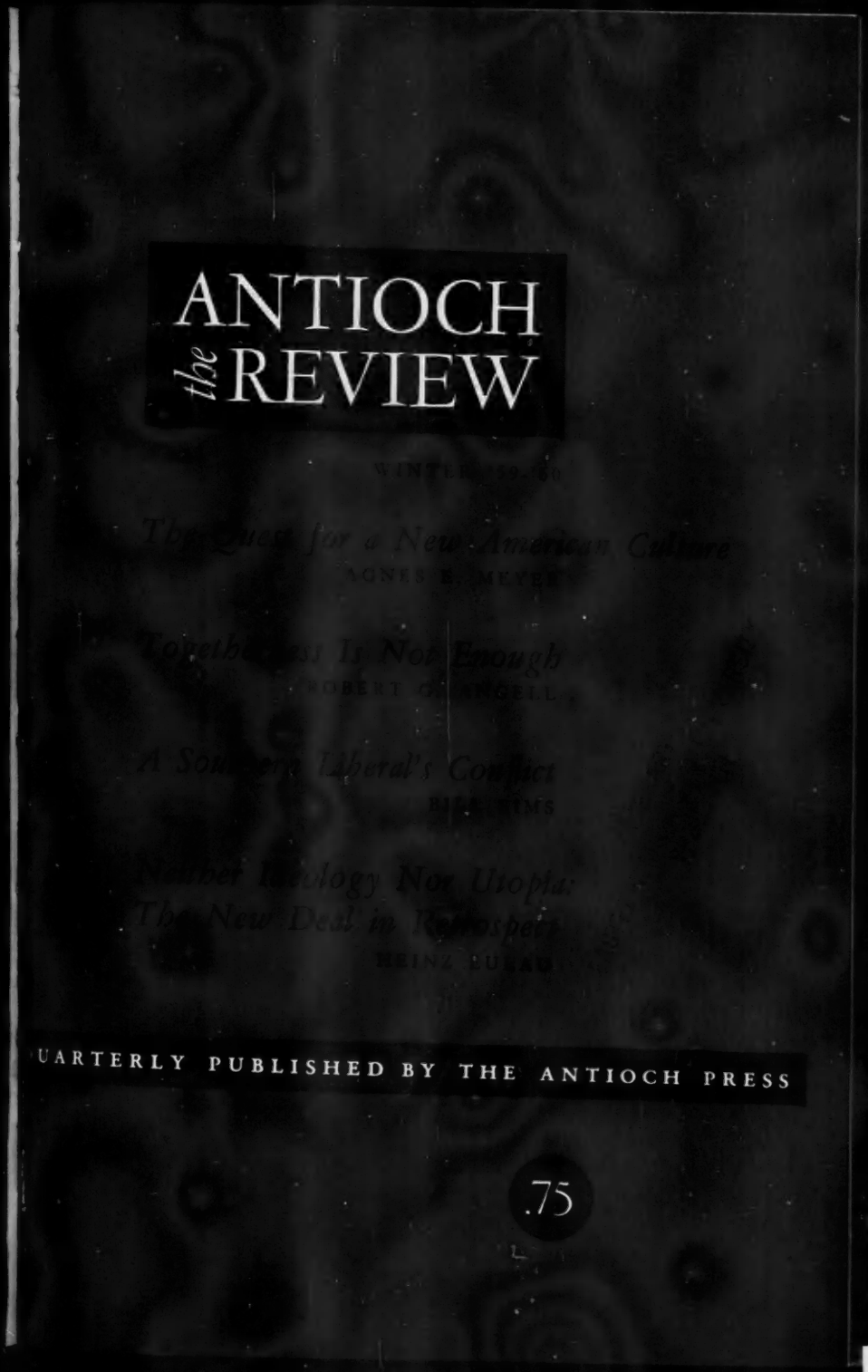
ANTIOCH
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Originally recorded on tape — both dialogues have been edited by

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, and JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE ANTIOCH REVIEW, published quarterly at Yellow Springs, Ohio for October 1, 1959.

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2. The owner is The Antioch Press, a department of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

3.The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) Paul H. Rohmann
Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1959.

(Signed) Henry Dyer
Notary Public, Greene County, Ohio

(My commission expires December 31, 1960)

Editor's Shop Talk

The publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in America is a triumph for anti-censorship. We are second to none in our admiration of Grove Press for waging the legal battles which made this publication possible and in our sympathy for its subsequent harrassment by Johnny-come-lately publishers who rushed their own editions into print to capitalize on Grove's victory. The defeat of the censorial position, however, must be measured in terms of the old-fashionedness of the book.

For we did find *Lady Chatterley's Lover* an old-fashioned and, we fear, rather dull book. As Donald Malcolm pointed out in his perceptive review in *The New Yorker*, Lawrence the poet, who could evoke scene and mood with such lyric grace and precision, was constantly being nudged aside in this book by Lawrence the prophet, who was intent on making his moral and social points at the expense of some basic artistic principles; and the celebrated four-letter word passages are difficult to accept seriously "with centuries of ribaldry leering amiably down" on the reader.

Beyond its inherent artistic merits or faults, the book suffers from the passage of the thirty active years since its writing. It was necessary, for instance, for Lawrence the prophet to have Lady Constance find true fulfillment with Mellors the gamekeeper in order to demonstate the power of sex as a social equalizer. This is more difficult to accept now after Kinsey has discovered that social stratification of sexual behavior is much more rigid than many other class manifestations.

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For another instance, Lord Clifford Chatterley's activities on behalf of his mills have, after the labor and management revolutions of the last three decades, a quaint historical flavor.

But the most old-fashioned part of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is its basic theme. Thirty years ago it may have been important to remind the English-speaking people that sex is an intrinsic part of human love. We don't doubt that it is. It seems more important now, however, to remind the English-reading people that there is far more to human love than sex.

The publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, then, is a triumph against censorship because the ideas the book expresses—as well as some of the language it uses—have not only long been in currency but have been superseded by newer ones. We see demonstrated once again that a book can be suppressed but an idea cannot. Ideas have lives of their own, often but not always connected with the printed page, and they can grow, proliferate, and change despite the efforts of inquisitors or postal authorities.

Or, we must admit, of editors.

* * *

In the months since its publication, Jacques Barzun's *The House of Intelect* has become required reading for those concerned with the intellectual life in our culture. Particularly on college and university campuses Dr. Barzun's pungent commentary on what passes for intellectual activity in America has caused a rash of debate, self-justification, and soul-searching. The campus is the traditional natural preserve of culture and intellect and its caretakers are sensitive to criticism of how the denizens are being treated. Much of this campus reaction, however, has tended to be a bit smug, since Barzun (who, after all, is a pillar on one of the mightiest campuses) trained his biggest guns on intellect as demonstrated by the mass media, business institutes, and similar "popular cultural" activities—activities the campus can safely deplore and not feel responsible for.

In our Spring issue, Jacques Barzun turns his attention more closely to the campuses themselves in an article entitled "Where Are the Disciples?" In something like a long footnote, if not an additional chapter, to *The House of Intellect*, Dr. Barzun examines the status of intellect in today's colleges and universities. How is it faring against the social, sports, and vocational pressures competing for the student's attention and against the research and administrative activities competing for the teacher's? Readers will find the view from this window of the House of Intellect clear, stimulating, and perhaps a bit discomforting.

Also in forthcoming issues . . . Nancy Hale on E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* . . . Oscar Ornati on the current crisis in organized labor . . . an analysis of Diego Rivera and his Mexico by Alfred Werner . . . Sylvia Angus on the "Open Door Policy" which dominates modern home design and family life . . . another story by Wilma Shore . . . and other articles, stories, poetry, reviews.

The Quest for a New American Culture

By AGNES E. MEYER

■ The emphasis of American thinking must be shifted from its preoccupation with quantity to a recognition of the pre-eminent importance of quality. And the depth and breadth of quality of our thinking in any field of endeavor depends upon the education of the average American citizen.

What kind of education? Certainly not our present concept of education as a process that is confined to the classrooms of our public schools where children spend a small fraction of the day. We must be concerned no less with the social setting and atmosphere in which formal education takes place. For the school and its environment are inseparable. Quality of education, especially in a democracy, cannot be achieved if its teaching of freedom, justice, and equality of opportunity is crassly contradicted by the living conditions to which the student returns every day.

The aesthetic element in and out of school is no less important. As we look about us, at our grimy, ugly cities and the desecrated landscape that surrounds them, it is only too evident that beauty is considered a luxury in American life to be enjoyed only by a fortunate few. Yet it is as essential to the development of a whole and wholesome personality as the air we breath and the food that nourishes the body. Beauty was, in fact, the birthright of most Americans until we squandered it recklessly through the rapid upsurge of our urbanized mass society.

AGNES E. MEYER, well-known author and journalist, has had a long and distinguished career in education and social service. The present article is an adaptation of her introductory lecture at the conference on "Dimensions of Education" sponsored by the Deiches Fund at The Johns Hopkins University in April of this year.

In our preoccupation with technological and material progress, we forgot that man's inherited strivings, hopes, and dreams can only be satisfied by the quest for those intangible human values which give life its real zest and meaning. Unless we now make an intelligent, deliberate, and continuous effort to recapture the quality of life in America, we shall dry up the wellsprings of America's former grandeur.

That the mere volume of those we try to educate cannot be a safeguard of the highest human values has become only too evident. For despite the fact that the percentage of youth attending colleges and universities has jumped from four to thirty-five per cent in the last fifty years and the number attending high school has risen from thirty-five to seventy per cent, this rise in school attendance has been accompanied by an increasing anti-intellectualism, to say nothing of such cruder manifestations as flagrant disregard for law and order. Our mass society is sinking into a cultural barbarism which is becoming daily more pronounced and, alas, more generally accepted as the inevitable by-product of democratic egalitarianism. The evidence of this deterioration in cultural standards is visible wherever we look—in our superficial literature and literary criticism; in our sex-obsessed and violent moving pictures and television programs; in our housing projects constructed for profit without the slightest attempt at architectural beauty; in our ugly main streets defaced by a succession of gas stations, beer parlors, hot-dog stands, neon lights, and other excrescences; in our urban slums whose meanness and vicious influences are a blot on this wealthy nation's honor; in our failure to realize the role of manners and morals in the conduct of life; in our crass indifference to the importance of language as the mark of the civilized human being; in our wanton destruction of the nation's material resources and its natural beauty, the latter of vital importance to the refreshment of soul and to the aesthetic sense of an urbanized society. At this very moment we still have a battle on our hands to keep the billboard interests from desecrating the scenery of our new national highways with their atrocious advertisements. Do these and other businessmen realize what they are doing to their country and to the future development of its citizens when they sacrifice beauty, decency, and other human values to their desire for money? Perhaps not. But in the manifestations I have enumerated,

and many more, we reveal a crass materialism and an appalling lack of judgment, discrimination, and taste.

In fact, the real reason why we hate and fear the communists is due to the fact that in our heart of hearts we know that we are just as materialistic as they are, and just as impervious to the importance of spiritual forces. Like all people with a sense of guilt, we try to avoid facing our own weaknesses by projecting them on others.

We still have in our prosperous country much poverty and unemployment. But we have the means to cure these social cankers if we had the will to do so. For we have achieved an average per capita income and a standard of living higher than any other civilization has attained. Thus the central problem of our nation is no longer economic. It is cultural.

What do I mean by culture? I do not mean some secret inner possession having no relationship to outward reality. That concept reflects the dangerous mind-body split inherited from pre-scientific days. It was the German concept of *"Kultur"* which led the intellectuals like Nietzsche to ignore the plottings of the militarists and the politicians while he sat on a mountain top developing his thoughts on the conflict between morality and life. By culture I mean an ongoing process which depends, not upon an internal refinement of the mind, but upon the refinement of human relationships, which has been the source of learning since human beings first began group life. Thus, in a democracy, it depends on free communication between all classes and conditions of men. For that is how we expand our use of discrimination and taste and our capacity for the perception of the meaning of life. I agree with John Dewey who said:

> Instead of there being no disputing about tastes, they are the one thing worth disputing about if by "dispute" is signified discussion involving reflective inquiry. Taste, if we use the word in its best sense, is the outcome of experience brought cumulatively to bear on the intelligent appreciation of the real worth of likings and enjoyment. The formation of a cultivated and effectively operative good judgment or taste with respect to what is aesthetically admirable, intellectually acceptable and morally approvable is the supreme task set to human beings by the incidents of experience.

By arguing that we can escape from our narrow materialism only if culture, in this sense of the term, is the prime purpose of

education, I am in sharp conflict with those national leaders who are clamoring that education must contribute primarily to national security. I too am concerned about national security. But I do not think it can be achieved simply by using science to create more and deadlier missiles. The strength of any nation depends primarily on the character of its citizens.

It can be argued that in a nation which leads the world in technological progress, an era of materialism was unavoidable. But that does not excuse its continuation. Nor can it be terminated by the sermons of clergymen and politicians that we must become "spiritual." Democracy used to be a fighting faith. That spirit can only be revived by careful scientific analysis of how we became what we are and how we can revive under totally new circumstances the creative forces that formerly characterized our people.

For the waning of our democratic ardor is not wholly due to our prosperity. It is due principally to the fact that the individual is lost in a society that has been fragmentized by the industrial revolution, two world wars, and a cold war whose end cannot be foreseen. As a result, isolation, alienation, frustration—words we hear again and again—increase the tensions of our society and make it impossible for us to form common ideals and common purposes.

The French sociologist Durkheim was the first to point out that when the capacity for unified action is weakened in a disorderly society, the individual is subject to a psychological affliction which he called "anomie." By this term he meant a lethargy of the will, due to the aimlessness and futility of existence when the individual no longer feels the support of a stable, integrated social setting. Under such conditions, he points out, suicide, crime, mental illness, and other character disturbances are bound to increase, because life without warm and fruitful human relationships becomes meaningless.

In the course of human history, these conditions have occurred repeatedly. But it is doubtful whether any society has suffered from as many sudden and disruptive forces as we have since World War One. The accelerated increase of scientific knowledge, the discovery of atomic energy, the rapid rise of such a new and dynamic ideology as that of Communism, have transformed not only life on this planet but the whole cosmic picture.

That the American people and the whole Western world should suffer from anomie to an extreme degree is therefore not surprising. It manifests itself not only in crime, delinquency, and mental disorders, but in a paralysis of the faith we used to have that man, by the use of knowledge, intelligence, and reason, can control his own destiny. More and more, our people seem to feel that the world is too much with them. Crisis follows upon crisis so rapidly that they are overwhelmed by events. They withdraw from active participation in public affairs and concentrate on their personal, parochial interests as the only available refuge.

Fear seems to dominate most of our decisions, whether in private or public life. It is painful to remember, for example, how our nation trembled under the despotic influence of a cheap demagogue like McCarthy. But this same fearfulness still endangers freedom of thought and freedom of expression. We all want to play safe and run with the herd. Every educator will tell you that our children do not work hard enough. The young merely reflect the lack of motivation that they feel in their parents. The adults demand too little effort of their children because they ask too little of themselves. The apathy or anomie of the American people is such that they remain indifferent even to the ghastly possibility of a third world war.

The only answer I can see to the social, mental, and emotional chaos in which we live lies in an educational philosophy with new dimensions, an education that will reach not only our children but also the adult population. For our main cultural problem is to raise the level of human aspirations among our people as a whole.

Why should I have such faith in the power of education as the fulcrum for achieving a more orderly society and thus a higher type of civilization? It is due to my observations during three years of constant travel throughout our country during and after World War Two. In city after city I discovered that wherever the public school system was strong, order prevailed. Crime, delinquency, and sexual promiscuity, whether among the youth or the adults, was held in check. Wherever the schools were weak, the demoralization of community life was shocking beyond belief. When the children of war workers ran the streets because there was no room for them in the schools, even the children of the stable local families were

debauched by the immorality which poisoned the whole community atmosphere.

As a pupil of John Dewey, as a college student who had been inspired by James Harvey Robinson's course, "Mind in the Making," and Charles Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization,* I knew theoretically that thought and learning depend largely upon the political, social, and economic conditions under which they take place. But theory is one thing and actual experience quite another. The teachings of these great men came to life for me when I studied at first hand the importance of our public school system to the social stability and the moral progress of democracy. My theoretical faith in education became a passionate conviction that the public school system is the only institution we now possess that can serve as a lever to raise our whole culture to higher levels of creativity, whether in science or the arts.

Nobody would contend that the environment *determines* culture. But it *does* condition it. And an unfavorable social situation, such as ours, sets sharp limits to the development of culture except among a favored few.

I realize that my insistence on the importance of the sociology of knowledge and learning flies in the face of much current propaganda that education should concern itself exclusively with the mind and what is called "intellectual discipline." I agree with Arthur Bestor's and Admiral Rickover's position that "in the future greater mental effort will be required of all mankind." In fact, leaders in the field of education have long supported this point of view. The question is, how are we going to arouse our children and our people as a whole to this urgent necessity? Admiral Rickover's idea of "storing the mind with knowledge" is what I call the hole-in-the-head philosophy of education which did, in fact, dominate our educational system while it was under European influence. It presupposes that the mind is a vacuum into which facts can be poured the way corn is poured into a silo. This concept of education ignores all that we have learned about the psychology of human behavior and about the social influences on the mental and emotional development of the free personality.

Admiral Rickover's much advertised book is a real menace to a democratic philosophy of education because he is hostile to the very

idea of freedom. The proof lies in his admiration for the Prussian and, heaven help us, even the Russian system of education. Now in both of these systems the interests of the individual are wholly subordinated to the interests of the state. This authoritarian concept of education is dangerous because there exists a growing belief in our country that educational goals must contribute primarily to national defense. The federal government and the Congress have accelerated this trend by narrowing the federal scholarships to the training of scientists and engineers and by approving only such research grants to universities as are of importance to their own objectives. By such means, our government will gradually determine the curriculum just as firmly as it is dictated in the Russian schools. If our educators are supine enough to accept the national military requirements as paramount, we shall not only undermine our democratic principles but we shall never attain the maximum possible strength of which our people are capable. For this can be achieved only if we build a society and an educational system that will develop the unique and varied talents of each individual. There lies the source of a truly democratic culture. Instead of imitating authoritarian Russian methods, we must strive to develop an education and a philosophy of education which will serve the purposes of a free society as effectively as Soviet education serves the purposes of despotism.

We much achieve and hold before the world a vision of what life could become in this great and prosperous nation of ours, a vision of the humane or democratic community, as opposed to the inhuman, collective society of communism. We can accomplish this if we recognize the place of science in the canons of human conduct and human relations and realize how greatly science and scientific method have augmented our power to guide human destiny.

Therefore, the reconstruction of an educational philosophy must now grapple with the influence of science on classroom practices. For we cannot continue to live in a divided world in which education is still dominated by pre-scientific philosophies while science determines the actual conditions of contemporary life and thought. Democracy is now faced with the challenge of guiding social change in our own nation and throughout the world without internal disorder or international violence. To carry out this difficult but urgent task we must recapture our confidence in the capacity of human

nature for self-determination by the intelligent application of scientific method, not only to education, but to all the problems of life. The past functions of public education, when our society was predominantly rural, must now be replaced with its far broader social functions in an urban, industrialized society in which man is less closely related to the natural environment and more dependent upon human relationships.

But we shall never achieve this social reorganization of our public school system unless we reach the American people and persuade them of its necessity. This slow and cumbersome process makes some of our post-Sputnik educational experts impatient. They wish to dictate not only what should be learned in our schools, but the methods of learning. Others wish to establish national standards of achievement through uniform examinations for admission to college. This also is a dangerous approach to what we all desire—a more efficient educational system—for it would impose a uniformity in the curriculum that is unsuitable to a nation in which local conditions and the local population vary not only from community to community but in different sections of the same city. Dr. James B. Conant, who is not only a great scholar and educator but a democratic citizen to the very marrow of his bones, states in his report on the comprehensive high school that the environmental conditions which exist in our country are so varied that there is no such thing as an *ideal* high school. He points out that whatever progress we achieve must consist of a diversity of solutions of pedagogical problems determined by the diversity of our communities. His first recommendation for a good school is a "school board composed of intelligent, honest, devoted citizens." If we now deprive these local school boards of their autonomy, the first result would be greater indifference among the people to their schools. Let us be grateful that local control of education is here to stay. It is the strongest bulwark we have against the growing tendency in our democracy toward over-centralization of power in the federal government, in our military hierarchy, and in the industrial bureaucracy.

Now that we are challenged by the quick results achieved by communist totalitarian methods, many Americans are losing faith in our cumbersome democratic procedures. There is no denying that our democratic path to world leadership is infinitely more hazardous

and difficult than that of dictatorship. The Kremlin can move swiftly to meet a situation, while we must wait upon the crystallization of public opinion. Therefore, if we are to remain a democracy, we must have an educated, informed, aud courageous citizenry who will have the tenacity to endure a prolonged cold war and the wisdom to choose the strong leadership we need in this critical epoch. This, I maintain, can only be achieved if our public school system improves the quality of community life.

The opponents of this sociological approach to learning, who claim that education is a purely intellectual process, assert that we must leave the moral and social development of our people to the churches and the home. But the influence of both these important institutions has been weakened in our modern society. Yet both could become more effective, if we now stabilize our society by treating our public schools, not as some isolated element, but as an integral part of the community.

How can we bring this about? One of our first concerns must be the acceptance of the nursery school as a public responsibility. This is essential because we now know that the years from three to six are crucial in the formation of human character. It is not only because more and more women are employed that the young child is neglected. It is due even more to the disruption of family life. Thus, when the school gets the child at six years of age, it must frequently cope with serious psychological aberrations already so fixed that they are difficult and sometimes impossible to overcome.

Furthermore, the school day and the school year should be lengthened. If children go to school only six hours, or as little as four hours in the numerous schools on double session, the constructive influence of the school is destroyed by the negative influence of the social environment. To be sure, when children return to a stable home, six hours of schooling may be sufficient. But in too many cases parental authority is weak or non-existent. There is a certain lethargy in the classroom every morning because the children are tired from sitting up late absorbing television programs. On Monday morning a large percentage of the children are exhausted because the school routine has been broken and the children upset by their disorderly, undisciplined life at home. On the other hand, many ambitious parents overstimulate their children to achieve social status rather

than intellectual development. Every free minute is taken up with dancing lessons, parties, or school band concerts until they go to bed. Dr. Conant in his high school survey was horrified to discover that such numerous extra-curricular activities leave little or no time for homework. Obviously the people who declare that learning must be concerned only with the mind don't know what's going on in our American society. They haven't the slightest concept of the lax environment in which most of our children are growing up.

Not only should the school day be longer, but the school year as well if we are going to reach out to the adults who need education today as much as their children. The present three months of summer vacation is far too long. We must come to community centered schools open all day and evening up to ten o'clock, with summer sessions for the ambitious students. Such schools must have recreational facilities such as gymnasiums, workshops, and swimming pools that will keep the adolescents from seeking destructive outlets for their energies after school hours and serve as family recreation centers on Saturday and Sunday. New York City already has nine such neighborhood schools which have already proven their worth; suburban communities such as Westbury, Long Island, have even more comprehensive programs. What I am suggesting is that the public schools should become a total life experience for the children of today, which can be shared on evenings and holidays by their parents.

The evening sessions will be necessary for adults whose earlier education has been neglected and for those who will need retraining now that automation is gradually eliminating the need for unskilled workers in industry. As unemployment has already become a serious problem due to more efficient management and technology, the need for such community retraining centers is apparent.

As the parents neglect the health of their children, the school is forced to assume greater responsibility in this area if the coming generations are to be physically fit. In a single school recently I found 175 children with defective vision and many more with bad teeth. At present the principals have to threaten even well-to-do parents to take care of their handicapped children. But the innumerable families who live at a subsistence level lack the money to buy glasses or send their children to a dentist.

More important is observation of the young child's early indication of emotional disturbances. The help of the American Academy of Pediatrics could readily be enlisted to co-operate with the public schools, since that progressive organization has announced a new "public health" responsibility to co-operate with other specialists and community organizations to head off early symptoms in children that might lead to delinquent behavior.

At present we have the poorest schools in the poorest areas throughout the country. The children go from overcrowded homes to overcrowded schools. They feel so lost that the formation of neighborhood gangs is the result of a natural desire for group relations. When the good-hearted druggist in the play *West Side Story* asks one gang leader why he and his pals make life so hideous, the boy replies, "Because we found it that way."

But do not imagine that immorality among children is confined to our poorest environments. In one of the finest housing projects near Washington, a group of boys and girls gathered in one of these apartments for a drunken sex debauch. When the parents, both respected federal employees, returned at night and found their home in frightful disarray, they went to the school principal the next day and berated him violently for allowing such things to happen.

Thus, it is not a question whether responsibility for the physical, moral, and emotional development of children is a proper role for the school. It is one the school has to accept whether we like it or not. For otherwise the mental development of the child is impeded. That these social aspects of the learning process are indivisible has been demonstrated in some of the schools in New York City's worst slum areas. The children who had seen nothing but their sordid, impoverished environment were taken frequently to such cultural institutions as art galleries, the natural history museum, the zoo, and scenes of natural beauty. The experiment demonstrated that a broad cultural program not only stimulates the desire for learning but also lowers delinquency.

Why don't our numerous social work agencies take care of these problems, you may ask. In this era of rapid social transformation, our social work methods and programs have not kept pace with altered human needs and the strains they create throughout the nation. Our problems have now piled up to a point where the joint

efforts of public and private welfare agencies can no longer deal effectively with the multitude of families that need help and guidance. This is no reproach to the social workers. Neither in education, recreation, medical care, nor any of our other basic needs have we been able to keep pace with the social upheaval of the past fifty years. I believe we are less in danger of destroying our civilization with an all-out atomic war than by our man-made social diseases and our present inability to deal with them effectively on a nationwide scale. Indifference, inertia, and lack of foresight—or anomie—these are more serious enemies of our society than communism, for they tempt Americans to lose confidence in themselves, in democracy, and in the capacity of democracy to govern.

The only thing that impresses me about communism is the enthusiasm for learning and achievement with which they inspire their people. Adlai E. Stevenson stated when he returned from Russia: "It is impossible to spend weeks traveling around the Soviet Union without taking away an overwhelming impression of thrust and purpose in most aspects of Soviet life." In contrast, the lack of motivation, not only in our young people but in our adults, is alarming. As President Griswold said in the recent speech, "The greatest need of all since all others wait upon it, is a sense of purpose." But I think he answers his question as to how that purpose can be aroused when he suggests that it may depend upon the general cultural and moral awakening of the American people as a whole. I can see no other way of achieving this, unless we broaden our educational system to the dimensions I have suggested by the application of all our scientific knowledge. I am painfully aware that my subject has too many ramifications to be treated adequately in one article. Furthermore, it calls for imaginative interpretation if it is to meet the varied and changing problems of the neighborhoods. But each community will be capable of devising its own programs if the local school boards can be persuaded that an intensive love of learning depends on a favorable social climate.

It is high time we recognized that the teachers cannot carry even the existing program of social services in addition to their heavy teaching load. They justly complain of the demands made by every community upon the school system. Every school, in addition to attendance officers, must have carefully selected social workers on its

staff to keep the school in close touch with the family and the neighborhood. They could also act as liaison with the plethora of social agencies that exist in every American community. In addition, our schools need the services of a doctor, nurse, sociologist, psychologist or psychiatrist, and guidance expert. I realize we have not enough trained personnel to supply each school with these professionals. But as a team they could cover several schools at fixed periods. If the teacher with the advice of this staff is to do a real job of teaching, the classes must not exceed thirty pupils. All children with serious behavior problems should be in separate classes not larger than ten; for one maladjusted youngster can upset all the other pupils and make it impossible for them to concentrate. At present, seven million elementary school children are in classes larger than thirty. It is impossible to teach with the psychological insight teaching requires today when the teacher cannot possibly get acquainted with her pupils and understand their personal backgrounds and difficulties.

Such schools are, to be sure, expensive. But their cultural influence would justify the cost. The Army was given immense sums of money for the re-education needed by thousands of recruits. If the schools were given the same amount to do a thorough job of education at the burning point when the child's whole life can still be changed, we will not only become a stronger nation, but we would save ourselves an even greater sum now expended on remedial institutions, hospitals, and prisons.

It is obvious that the state Boards of Education will need federal aid. But the legislation must be drawn up carefully to prevent domination of the curriculum by the federal, military, or industrial authorities.

This sociological approach to learning requires a new type of teacher training. It already exists in a few colleges and universities whose schools of education include courses in family living and its relation to child development. Likewise, social workers who are to join the school staff must have enough knowledge of teaching to understand what goes on in the classroom. This cross-training is achieved by the co-operation of the schools of education and the schools of social work. The elderly Ph.D.'s who still hold forth in our teachers colleges have no idea why we have so many problem children. They haven't been in touch with the social scene for many

years. We now need young sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists to prepare the teachers of the future for the complex tasks which confront them. If our teachers were given this scientific training, they would be better prepared and more willing to accept positions in our many so-called "difficult" schools.

Such training is all the more urgent now that we face the problem of desegregating our school system. The Negro pupils do not create new problems; but they increase our existing problems. In the nation's capital, for example, seventy-seven per cent of the pupils are Negroes. Some of them come from cultured, middle class families who can hold their own with their white contemporaries. But most of them are what the sociologist Franklin Frazier calls "folk-Negroes" who flock into Washington in ever increasing numbers. They are at least two or three years behind the white students of the same age. Their morals, living as they do in overcrowded, sub-standard housing, are often deplorable. Yet we must bend every effort to raise the intellectual and moral standards of these neglected fellow citizens or they will pull down the standards of education for our white children.

The Washington school system has attempted to solve the problem by dividing all its students into four divisions—honor students are in the first group, college preparatory students in the second, average students in the third, and slow learners in the fourth. The division is not rigid. A good student in mathematics will be on one level in that subject but in another section in English if he is deficient in that subject. This grouping according to ability has been considered undemocratic by some educational sentimentalists. I am happy, therefore, that Dr. Conant, who supports the comprehensive high school as basic to a democratic educational system, is also convinced that we must adopt the ability grouping to do justice not only to our bright children but also to the slow learners. Both groups will then get the stimulus and attention they need.

Yet while we are battling to use our newly acquired scientific knowledge on child behavior, on the deep and complex problem of human motivation and the sociology of learning, this scientific approach to a philosophy of education is threatened by the humanists who pretend that they alone are the guardians of human values. Now I deplore as much as does Howard Mumford Jones in his book

One Great Society the over-emphasis in the National Defense Education Act of 1958 on scientific scholarships, but not for the same reason. As I have said, I think this a narrow point of view. For we must develop many different talents to guide our complex society. Furthermore, it will surely hamper us rather than help us train the kind of scientists we need. For the emphasis by businessmen and the federal government on the training of engineers may be destructive if it leads to an accelerated program in purely mechanical scientific training. Scientists, to be most useful, must learn to see their contribution in its widest implications to the realities of the life situation in which they find themselves. Then only will they become educated personalities, both skilled and mature, dedicated not merely to their own advancement but to the intelligent, discriminating, and continuous realization of our democratic ideals. The profound human and cultural values inherent in science—the pursuit of truth for its own sake and the rejection of any truth as final or absolute; the encouragement of moral standards by the use of concise rational methods of thought as a guide to intelligent action; the relationship of accuracy to honesty and integrity; the insistence upon the experimental method and upon freedom of thought and expression—all these scientific values are the surest path to a new and higher democratic culture.

Why, then, does nobody ask the humanists what specific values they have to offer? The humanists boast that they alone can preserve Western cultural values. In reality, it is they who wrought destruction in our culture by failing to re-establish those values on a basis that is meaningful in the world of today. They were so busy looking backward to Greece, Rome, and other European traditions that they completely forgot to warn the modern Western European world of its dependence on the exploitation of the natural resources and the slave labor of the colonies. Now that white, Christian imperialism has been shattered and Europe finds itself materially impoverished, the humanists must accept their share of responsibility for this disaster. Their preoccupation with European thought also explains why the Western world is so ignorant of Asiatic history, religions, cultures, and languages. In their histories of Europe, the humanists do not even mention such scientific discoveries as that of anesthetics which did more to alleviate human suffering than all the

wisdom of the humanists. They ignore the historical importance of artificial fertilizer which made it possible to feed the rapidly increasing European population during the rise of industrialism. I could continue this indictment indefinitely, but I prefer to quote a humanist on humanism, namely, the British historian, Geoffrey Barraclough:

> The importance of history is not to preserve our inheritance and to guard, maintain and transmit it to the future like a precious fossil in a museum. What matters is the ability to reshape the elements into a new and living pattern, the capacity to adapt the inheritance to new and ever-changing conditions; otherwise, it can only become a millstone round the neck. It was the failure to reshape its inheritance, the failure after the eighteenth century synthesis, to create a new idea of man and his existence and activities, the weary plodding along the overgrown humanist paths with no new vision, that brought the old Europe to its end. . . . Only a new inspiration, a new idea of man and his place in the universe, can open a clear vista to the future. . . . But inspiration will not come to those who look back, only to those who look forward and look up.

Instead of moaning and groaning that we are losing the values of humanism, the humanists should begin to realize that science is the humanism of today. It is not a question of "either, or" between the humanists and the scientists. What we must achieve is a humanism that is scientific and a science that is truly humane.

We are, in fact, going through the most momentous revolution this world has ever experienced, a revolution so transforming that its possibilities stagger the imagination. The scientists are now recognizing the impossibility of the continued separation of science and society. This recognition announces the birth of a new social force, a universally comprehensible force, with a wider range of acceptability than any other known to history. Thus, the real scientific revolution is still to come. Great as have been the social changes of the recent past, they are not to be compared with those which will emerge if our faith in scientific method is made manifest, not only in electronics, automation, and the peaceful use of atomic energy, but also in constructive policies to foresee and control the social consequences of such radical innovations. It is not science which is on trial, as many fearful people assert. It is our human intelligence, human character, and human courage that are on trial. And it is incredible that men who have brought the technique of physical

discovery to such a pitch of perfection will abdicate in the face of the more difficult problem of using these techniques to restore the relationship of man to man and of man to nature and to achieve the continuous progress of the human race.

Therefore an indictment of the humanists is necessary or they will delay the use of science in building a new educational philosophy. We must teach our children to apply the objective, critical intelligence of the scientists to the problems of society. We should emphasize science and scientific methods from the lowest grades upward for boys and girls alike but from two different points of view. On the one hand, carefully selected youths should be encouraged to study science with the purpose of devoting themselves to research or to applied science. But in a democracy it would be disastrous to develop a body of scientific experts whose work determines the structure of our society, and the very life we lead, while the mass of people remain ignorant of the moral and social implications of radically new scientific discoveries. Books such as Professor Bronowski's *Science and Human Values* and Harlow Shapley's *Of Stars and Men* should be required reading in every high school. A scientific philosophy of education is essential so that every child learns to see the gradual advance of man's knowledge as the basic theme of history, far more potent in determining man's fate than all the actions of politicians and potentates. Then every student will understand why science is the most powerful force shaping the world of today, transforming our concept of the universe as well as our daily existence.

Our present educational methods leave our people indifferent because they are still too largely geared to a society that no longer exists. Our schools are too isolated, not only from the life of the community, but from that larger community, the vast new world in which the distant can influence the individual far more than the immediately present. If we now have the courage to use all of our new scientific insights to bring the school closer to the community and the community closer to the school, then our people will shake off the anomie, their psychic lethargy, and begin to realize that the American school system is a unique and comparatively new institution whose potentialities for revitalizing a free society we have only begun to explore.

We talk eternally about freedom without using our brains to maintain it. Freedom is, above all, a rational attitude toward life and its problems. I can sum up everything I have said in one sentence: If the social situation is such as to encourage effective thinking, freedom will take care of itself.

To quote one of America's most distinguished educators, Harold Taylor:

> The challenge to this country is not from the propaganda battle with the Soviets, nor from the science and missiles race, nor from anywhere outside the United States. The real challenge lies deep within American culture. It is simply, how can we give to our young people—those who will become scientists, artists, writers, teachers, workers, businessmen, doctors and all future citizens—the educational support they need to carry out their mission as Americans?

The measure of success we achieve in this mission will decide the future of our country and therefore the future of human history.

Joy Analyzed

By NEIL WEISS

Joy subjected to the laws
has a slowly rising hem.
Seeing inside it then
there are darker things,
hooks or claws, bits of air
stripped of transparencies
as when you rub your eyes.
The whole dress of joy gone,
there's a bust and a frame,
a window dummy with
pink plaster for the breasts,
belly of frozen cream
and a crotch as smooth as death.
There's a rod of iron through the thing
to the sightless head.

NEIL WEISS had a poem in last spring's *Review* and has appeared in many of the quarterlies. His first volume of poetry, *Changes of Garments,* was published in 1956 and a second is now ready. Part or all of its long title poem, "Origin of a Design," will soon appear in *Botteghe Oscure.*

Togetherness Is Not Enough

By ROBERT G. ANGELL

■ Whereas "liberty" was the popular watchword in 1775, and "equality" from 1828 to the freeing of the slaves, today it seems to be "fraternity." In word and deed our society is obsessed by it. A popular periodical for women has increased its popularity by claiming to be the magazine of togetherness. In *The Lonely Crowd* David Riesman writes persuasively of the growth of other-directedness among middle-class Americans. William H. Whyte, Jr., reproaches organization men for adopting the Social Ethic and nostalgically pines for the Protestant Ethic. Whether one likes it, dislikes it, or merely analyzes it, the linking of people to each other in sociable groups is at the center of our collective attention.

How did this come to be? Why should this particular topic obsess us just now? No doubt many would point to such immediate concerns as the atomic bomb and the Cold War. One can indeed make a strong case for a huddling together in small groups out of unconscious fears of destruction. But I would hazard the opinion that the roots are deeper, that they have been there for two generations at least.

Perhaps the most pervasive cause of all is urbanism. When most Americans lived in the country or in small towns, there was no lack of familiar association in what sociologists call primary groups. Neighborhood life may well have had its weaknesses, there may have been too much gossip and too little intellectual stimulation, but

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at least there was warm, human contact. Beginning about 1880 things began to change. Giant industries sprang up; trade and commerce increased enormously; old cities grew larger and new ones developed by the score. From 1898 to 1929 times were exciting. In addition to the Spanish-American War and World War I, there were dramatic technological advances: first the automobile, then the airplane, and finally the radio. An unbounded future seemed to stretch before us.

Just when we seemed to be on the verge of utopia, our bright dreams collapsed. We were engulfed by a terrible depression from which we were only beginning to recover when we were overtaken by World War II. In those sixteen years we became engrossed in national economic, social, and military problems. We bent all our collective efforts to saving our way of life. It was only in 1945 that a breathing spell began. With war's end we wanted to relax and enjoy life for a change. But we found that we had built a tremendous social machine—complicated, impersonal, hierarchical. For fifty years its construction had been going forward, but we had seldom stopped to understand and assess it. Suddenly we saw it as a whole and were jolted into wondering whether we had lost for good the pleasant intimacies of a small-scale form of social life. Hence our present preoccupation with togetherness, other direction, and the Social Ethic.

Although broad trends set the stage for this recent development, I would assign much weight in explaining the exact nature of our reaction to the popularity of psychology. And within psychology I would point to the influence of Freud on family life and of Dewey on the school. Although the general public has probably understood little of Freud, one idea has got across: that authoritarian parents frustrate children and harm the growing personality. Hence emotional warmth and a considerable degree of permissiveness are desirable. Dewey's doctrines that interest is central to the learning process, and that education is life and not the preparation for it, have given the classroom a relaxed and friendly character. Children brought up in such homes and schools naturally tend to emphasize the importance of social adjustment in other spheres. They look outward upon the large-scale organizations of our day as social monstrosities to be reformed and humanized.

Though perhaps maintaining more objectivity than the layman, the professional psychologist too has emphasized social adjustment. Much of the research that is being done on the family and in industry, government, schools, and the armed services aims to discover what does and does not conduce to friendly co-operation. A whole field of study called group dynamics has developed around the importance of interpersonal factors in reaching group objectives.

My title, "Togetherness Is Not Enough," does not question the value of much of this activity. It is certainly desirable that people in groups get along with as little friction as is compatible with the achievement of their ends and the realization of their values. I am of the opinion that too often principle is sacrificed to superficial harmony, but that is not my main point. What I chiefly want to argue is that we are altogether mistaken if we think that large-scale organizations can be integrated by friendliness and good fellowship. Such a view is perhaps not often explicitly stated, but it seems to me that many Americans, and perhaps even many psychologists, make this unspoken assumption.

It is not surprising that this should be so. Reasoning by analogy is a respectable procedure. If a family can be unified by close personal ties, why not the Ford Motor Company? The difficulty is that the analogy is not very close. In groupings beyond a certain size, it becomes impossible for people to know each other well enough to be sympathetic. This is clearly demonstrated as a small town grows into a larger one. Where there were formerly only personal relationships, now impersonal ones creep in, increase, and come to dominate the social scene. Obviously, if we are going to wait for interpersonal integration to knit together large social bodies, we may wait forever. What substitutes, then, are there?

Some scholars believe that the division of labor itself could be the integrating agent. This tends to be the view of the human ecologist. He is the man who sees a society as a great web of interdependence like that which exists in nature among plants and animals. It is his theory that, because each of us needs the services of many others in order to exist, we will all work together to form stable communities and societies. The trouble with this theory is that it so often proves not to be so. Capital and labor periodically break into open conflict. The American colonies, though very interdepend-

ent with the mother country, fought the Revolution in order to become separate. World trade on a great scale has not prevented world wars. It appears that ecological interdependence is not enough either.

If neither interpersonal nor ecological forces can be depended upon to hold large human aggregates together, what can be? My answer is moral integration. This is a term that requires some explication.

First let me explain that I am using the term "moral" as the adjective for the Latin noun "mores." Just as the mores are the standards of right conduct in a society, so anything is moral in the present context that is accepted by the participants in a social system as good for that system. Notice that I am not using the term in that private sense which it often has—as expressing the values that the person's philosophy of life leads him to believe in. For our purposes, moral acts are those which are judged good by group consensus. I am not assuming that this definition of the moral is superior to the other one. It is merely more useful for discussing societal integration.

A high level of moral integration in any large and complex group requires two things: the existence of a moral web, and the conformity of actual conduct with it. Let me explain the moral web first.

The moral web is a cultural pattern or model for life. It expresses in specific forms—in institutions, moral norms, and law—the society's cherished common values. It is an attempt to keep the processes of life under the control of those principles that the society deems to be right. There is always a tendency for conduct to go off in all directions, some of them permissible in terms of what people believe to be the good life, and others not. The moral web is a cultural mold that tries to guide conduct in the paths thought to be proper. Take our own society, for instance. There is general consensus on the desirability of a way of life that allows freedom of expression, gives equal opportunity, is humanitarian in spirit, and engenders patriotism. Such values as these give pattern to the American moral web and are expressed in its components.

Institutions are approved cultural forms like the family or the school which are expressed in many particular groups, like the Smith

and Jones families or the Jefferson and Lincoln schools. Persons take the roles in these groups that are prescribed in the institutional pattern—the role of mother, for instance, or school principal. The point is that persons are contributing to the moral integration of the society when they carry out such roles properly. They are helping to maintain a way of life based upon the common values.

Moral norms are the second element in the moral web. Unlike institutions, these are not role-structures within which people function; they are standards of behavior carried in the consciences of those who are deeply involved in the societal consensus on values. In situations of moral choice, they give guidance. On hearing a call for help from a swimmer in trouble, others are galvanized into action because they have internalized a norm of mutual aid. In this example we see that moral norms are standards of behavior that are held in conscience indefinitely until the proper occasion for their expression occurs. Then they go into action.

Law complements the other two elements of the moral web. Those derivatives from common values that the society believes necessary to enforce by the government are formulated in law. This gives support to institutions and moral norms. But law is not always part of the moral web. If it is not expressing the common values of the society and is thus not in tune with the institutions and the moral norms, it is a moral nullity.

So much for what the moral web is. The very description of it shows that it will tend to keep the society integrated if people are strongly influenced by it. Such people may be called genuine members of the society, as contrasted with expedient members. They incorporate the normative elements in their very selves. They do not have to be coerced into good conduct, they perform it spontaneously.

It is clear that ours is a society plagued with moral problems. This is not chiefly because we do not have an adequate moral web —we have, in fact, a well-fashioned one—but because we have a hard time getting people to behave in terms of it. We are notorious around the world for our high rates of delinquency and crime. Evidently our moral norms and the laws based upon them do not have a sufficient hold on the consciences of Americans. Institutions, too, show signs of malfunction. Certainly much divorce and deser-

tion stems from failure to form families that adequately embody the institutional model in the first place. Periodic scandals indicate that roles are not always filled according to expection in business and government either. Moral backsliding is frequent in many places, both high and low.

Perhaps we can say that the two main moral problems of contemporary American society are to get young people to internalize successfully our moral norms, so that they will have strong consciences, and to procure the functioning of institutional groups in accordance with the institutional models. From my point of view, the enforcement of the law is an important but ancillary operation and cannot hope to succeed unless moral norms and institutions are already powerful.

Several reasons why consciences are often not well formed in American children are well known. Some families are not well enough integrated to serve as good transmitters of the values and norms of American society; husband and wife at odds with one another, mothers working even during the early years of their children, fathers so intent on their jobs or their recreation as to give little attention to their parental responsibilities—we could all multiply the list. But even when the parents conduct themselves unexceptionally, the surrounding conditions of life may give them little moral support. In the blighted areas of our large cities the influence of other institutions, like the church and the school, is impaired too. The peer groups of children have inadequate play space but tempting alternatives like stealing from railroad cars and rolling drunks for amusement. It is not at all surprising that vicious teen-age gangs grow and flourish under such conditions. Harrison Salisbury's popularly written book, *The Shook-up Generation,* affords an excellent understanding of these problems.

Sociological diagnosis of the situation is easy. To change the conditions that are responsible is the rub. Perhaps what needs to be most emphasized here is that these very conditions are by-products for the most part of other things that Americans want. A well-known criminologist, Professor Donald R. Taft of the University of Illinois, has pointed this out dramatically in his discussion of what the characteristics of a crimeless society would have to be:

> Since social change implies maladjustment, a crimeless society had best be static. To avoid culture conflict it should be internally homogeneous. On the economic side a crimeless society must avoid excessive competition and greed for material gain and must be planned rather than chaotic. This would be essential to avoid such sources of maladjustment as relative failure, city slums, struggle for speculative gains, monopolistic advantages and various types of exploitation.
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> A crimeless society might have to reverse the trend toward impersonal relationships and restore the personalized culture of the past. It might need to restrict human freedom. It might resort to a return to religious superstitions as agencies of social control. Though different in some respects, such a crimeless society would seem more nearly to approximate primitive or peasant society than does modern society. The reader may well query, however, whether such a society would attract a population which had tasted of the thrills and satisfactions of our modern, dynamic, complex and crime-ridden existence.[1]

In order to illustrate the point, let us take the slums, those breeding grounds of social maladjustment and misconduct. Why do we have slums in the first place? Let us point out three reasons.

Slums are partly a result of city growth. In American cities the central business district has tended constantly to enlarge so that the property on its fringe is always being invaded by business uses that make it a less desirable place for residence than areas further out. Hence families that can afford it move away. Those that remain are not motivated to keep up their houses because when business does take over it will tear them down. Hence premises become unattractive. Being a sort of interstitial area, this zone draws interstitial population—single men down on their luck, prostitutes, transients generally. The families that have no choice but to remain in the area are dragged down by their surroundings.

The instabilities of our dynamic economy and its labor market are another reason for slums. Some industries and services are seasonal and must lay off their workers periodically, keeping them on the margin of subsistence. Sometimes traditional skills become outmoded and their possessors lose their former earning power. Temporary shifts in consumer demand entail a constant movement from job to job through shorter or longer periods of unemployment. Because a free-market economy like ours has these consequences,

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[1]Donald R. Taft, *Criminology* (New York: Macmillan, 1942), p. 681.

there are always many families that cannot afford to live in decent residential areas and must populate the slums

Another reason for slums is the overcrowding that comes from the refusal of the majority of white Americans to allow minorities of other races or markedly different cultures to live among them. Many members of minority groups could afford to reside in other sections of the community if they were permitted to; and if they did, doubling up of families and other pressures would be relieved. Those that live close to the business district might still have a chance to work out a decent existence.

I have named only three of the many reasons for slums. But if I were to add more, it would not change the argument. We have slums because we want what causes them. We want expanding cities —even if it does mean urban blight. We want a free labor market— with all of its instabilities. We want to have "nice" neighborhoods— with all the exclusiveness thereby implied. It is clear that we are not likely to eliminate slums and all the morally deleterious effects that follow from them unless we can change some of our other objectives in American life, or at least arrange it so that our present objectives have different side effects. Actually the latter is exactly what urban renewal programs, unemployment insurance, and the elimination of discrimination in real estate ownership and rental housing are aimed to accomplish. That they have not yet accomplished much is shown by the continued existence of slums and the steadily rising rates of delinquency. There are no easy answers to such problems. It may well be that very fundamental changes in the structure of American society will have to be carried through before the rate of unsocial conduct can be reduced to a tolerable level.

I suggested that there was a second problem of great importance, the malfunctioning of institutional groups. Let us take the illustration of city government. Ever since the latter part of the nineteenth century our society has found it difficult to keep city governments up to the moral mark. There have been great scandals like the Tweed Ring, little scandals like the fixing of parking tickets, and just plain time-serving in various bureaucratic echelons. This is not so much a failure of individual conscience as it is a failure to organize the institutional machinery in such a way as to make moral performance natural and almost inescapable. The several

roles have not been surrounded by an atmosphere of honorable service. Participation in government has been regarded as an expedient activity, as something to get one ahead in the world or perhaps an opportunity to feather one's nest, not as a worthy service to the community. The public attitude is in striking contrast to that toward a civil service career in Britain. Persons filling the roles here are not buoyed up by high public expectation.

Whereas the slums are an indirect product of other things that most Americans want, the malfunctioning of institutional groups is a somewhat more direct result of things some Americans want. Thus it is a citizen who tries to fix a parking ticket and corrupts a policeman or judge in the process. It is a contractor who desires a juicy contract and who induces a city official to award it if he gets his cut.

One of the most promising approaches to this problem is to increase professionalism in governmental roles. Since the professional man is one who keeps at the forefront of his consciousness his duties and responsibilities to society, the more men in political positions who have professional training, the better. This is, of course, the root idea in the city manager movement. It is also behind the adoption of a civil service system with gradations of competence, the higher levels of which are professional in character.

A second desideratum would be to stimulate more vigilant monitoring of governmental activities by the morally concerned members of the public. How to do this is, however, not obvious. It may be that as more of our people are educated about public affairs through the schools and by newspaper columnists, there will be more interest taken. Remarkable progress has already been made by groups like the League of Women Voters.

I would be omitting one very important facet of our subject if I did not point out that the social sciences can play a valuable role in laying bare the causes of moral disorganization in our society. As an example of the sort of thing that can be done, let me cite one of my own studies.

This was an investigation into the moral integration of American cities. The questions I posed were two: Can we find valid and reliable indexes of the concept of moral integration so that we can compare American cities on this feature of their life? Can we dis-

cover causes of the differences found among cities? I managed to answer the first question positively, at least to my own satisfaction, by constructing a moral integration index compounded of two sub-indexes: one measuring crime, which was, of course, inverted to measure moral integration; and one measuring the welfare effort made by local residents in response to the needs for services. The index of moral integration thus constructed showed wide variation among American cities. Some, like Rochester, Milwaukee, and Syracuse, appeared to be very well integrated morally, whereas others, like Miami, Atlanta, and Portland, Oregon, seemed not to be.

The matter of causes was investigated in two stages. First, by statistical means. I canvassed many series of figures for the cities, all the way from size and per capita income to proportion of the population who were church members and the percentage of married women working. Two factors emerged that seemed highly significant and which together explained more than three-fifths of the variation among the cities. These two were the rate of residential movement into and out of the city and the degree of heterogeneity of the population. The measure of geographical mobility was simply the sum of those who had moved into the city and those who had left it in a five-year period, divided by the total population. In other words, it is a measure of population turnover. All sociologists would expect mobility in this sense to be a handicap to moral integration, for it is hard to maintain a stable and cohesive social order when the participants are constantly entering and leaving. The heterogeneity measure assumed that the more varied the population elements, the more difficult the integration of the city morally. In determining variety, I weighted those of non-white race twice as much as foreign-born on the theory that this was realistic in terms of American attitudes. I wish to underline that heterogeneity would not be a handicap to integration if the mores were different. There is much evidence, for instance, that in Hawaii different racial groups are able to live together much more successfully than in the continental United States. It is interesting that the mobility scores and the heterogeneity scores correlated hardly at all with each other. This is because the Northern cities tend to have mobile populations while the Southern cities tend to be highly heterogeneous.

Although these two measures revealed much, I decided to

see whether we could get further insights from research by interviews in particular cities. At this point I enlisted the aid of our Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan. Without going into detail on the selection of the cities, suffice it to say that we found that the character of schools and churches and the type of community leadership influence the level of moral integration. It makes a difference whether schools and churches orient their participants toward the community and its problems, and whether or not the leadership keeps it ear to the ground and forgoes the Madison Avenue approach through mass communication in favor of working with people in small groups.

I have sketched one research project to demonstrate that moral standards and moral conduct are not concerns solely for the student of the humanities or the philosopher. They are proper subjects for social research. If we deal with them analytically as data, we may be able to learn a good deal about our society and may even be able to point the way for those who wish to bring about improvements.

So far I have looked at moral integration in essentially static terms. I have been concerned with the problem of making conduct square with the moral web. But there is the dynamic problem, too. The moral web in modern life is constantly changing. Even if the central values of the society remain the same, new developments like atomic energy require shifts in moral norms and the revamping of institutions, to say nothing of alterations in the law. Under our democratic system, the theory is that somehow such changes in the moral web are brought about by the interaction of the public with its leaders. Actually we know little about the processes involved. There have been a few case studies of particular legislative changes, showing the conditions that gave rise to a new problem, the manner in which it became a focus of public discussion, and the selective process among various proposed solutions that finally resulted in a consensus on a particular one. We have even less knowledge of the informal processes by which moral norms and institutions change. Here is a great opportunity for sociologically oriented historians or historically oriented sociologists. It would be particularly important to compare instances in which our democratic society or some community within it, facing a challenging new development, smoothly reknits its moral web with instances in which the

web is torn and has to be subsequently repaired. Things are changing so fast in the world today that many difficult transitions lie ahead. We cannot know too much about the processes by which the moral web is effectively tailored to new conditions.

In closing, let me briefly recapitulate my argument: Americans seem lately to have been preoccupied with togetherness. This concern with adjustment in small groups is an understandable reaction to a growing complexity and impersonality of social relations. Togetherness is not, however, the answer to the problem of integrating large, heterogeneous social bodies. Neither is the division of labor. The only sure answer is the provision of a strong moral web and the motivating of people to live according to it. We in this country are fortunate in having an adequate moral web. We fail in that we so often do not conform to it. The reasons for this shortcoming are many and varied, but social scientists are constantly increasing our understanding of them. Most of them stem from very basic characteristics of our modern, urban, complex society. We are not going to attain a high level of moral integration easily. It will take time, patience, and, above all, intelligent planning. We may have to reshape our patterns of living fundamentally, particularly in the metropolis. We will certainly have to develop greater stability and greater tolerance of variety. It may be necessary to multiply organizations that bring people together across class and ethnic barriers. There have been few societies which had more obstacles in the path of moral integration; but, just because the challenge is so great, the victory would be the more satisfying. Let me quote in conclusion from my first teacher of sociology, Charles Horton Cooley:

"Our democracy might be a work of art, a joyous whole, rich in form and color, free but chastened, tumultuously harmonious, unfolding strange beauty year by year."

Another Man's Formity

By VICTOR F. AYOUB

■ The notion that "conformity" describes the responses of contemporary man to his social and intellectual experiences has apparently captured enough minds to be taken for granted. The discussion of conformity in our culture, so eagerly pursued but a short while ago, appears to have subsided. The indictment has been taken as confirmed. We can freely include "conformity" as another epithet by which to give capsule identity to our age.

In a recent paperback publication, the author of the foreword writes that "the accelerated pace, the rise of cynicism, the worship of conformity, the commercialization of happiness, and the awesome horror of new weapons of war, are some of the shadows cast by civilization in the twentieth century." A single example only illustrates, but hardly confirms, the proposition that conformity as a state of the contemporary mind is now taken for granted. However, I doubt that the example is fortuitous or isolated. "Conformity" in the particular context used to identify an historical period and social classes within it has become an active item in our lexicon, its definition unquestioned, its application undiscriminated. This addition to our vocabulary is an unfortunate one.

We can tease ourselves with the paradox and the irony that we have conformed to the wishes of the prosecution, those who argued for the indictment, and have consequently helped to confirm the indictment. Taking something for granted is certainly a reflection

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of conformity. A more appropriate definition of the situation would, perhaps, be the failure or unwillingness to deviate from expected modes of behavior.

A paradox is usually a verbal enigma, and patience is most quickly spent when the argument is judged to have reduced itself to verbal niceties. However, when experience cannot be easily understood through the words we use to refer to it, then verbal discriminations become necessary. The free and easy use of "conformity" has produced just this situation.

I

The historian has always accommodated himself to periodic reinterpretations of events which demonstrate the selective factor in his work. With this kind of precedent I might venture to say that ours is actually a new Age of Discovery, a period of expansion in which old boundaries, and therefore conformities, cannot and have not been tolerated. Robert Oppenheimer and Edward Condon have assured us that physics has nowhere reached the limits of physical knowledge, and, in Condon's words, "our era is witnessing an unprecedented activity in physics." The development of the social sciences attests to the same condition. Ideas are found in abundance. This is a fact independent of any assessment of these ideas. What fruit they bear will measure the worth or worthlessness of any particular one. What the social sciences need perhaps more than anything else at the moment is a little more intellectual organization, a little more order, a little more conformity, if you please.

It is, moreover, plausible to document a new age of geographic discovery serving to nourish and sustain our intellectual development. It is a commonplace that World War II brought the United States out of its shell. Narrowly, this assertion is understood to mean that the United States became willing to recognize its far-reaching political commitments as a world power. However, there is more to it. If we cannot speak of discovering new lands, we can, with much justification, speak of discovering new cultures. Asia and Africa have long been known. We are only beginning to know Asians and Africans. The army, American business, and tourism have led Americans into parts of the world which once possessed for us only

the hazy reality of color blotches on a map. Today, the innocent American and the ugly American are everywhere. The movement has been in the opposite direction, as well. Whereas, at one time, only the major universities could boast foreign students, they can be found now in almost any academic institution. The effect that these new experiences have had and will have on our political life, our social life, and on our art is probably still incalculable. Art provides us with perhaps the most immediately available evidence. The artistic expression of exotic lands—African sculpture, Japanese furniture, Indian fabrics, and Balinese dancers—has penetrated our society far more extensively than ever before. How deeply, the creativeness of our artists can only ultimately measure. But two conclusions are assured: the effect is inevitable and it represents a force against conformity, however you define the term.

Of course, this argument centers around the expansion of ideas—the mind soaring. The critics of conformity are concerned with social relations. They caution against the stranglehold the group has on the individual. They dissect the fears, anxieties, and apathy of the individual which inhibit him from expressing his independence. This is where the threat of conformity lies. However, ideas cannot be disassociated from social relationships. When I describe the boundaries of the mind as bursting, I am also describing the boundaries of the group as bursting. The mind cannot soar without taking the individual with it out of fixed relationships and into new ones. And this is nonconformity.

The argument, also, relies on a reversal of emphasis, a technique which can be profitable. David Riesman has used it to advantage when he writes, for example, that "students would be much better off if they could take a stand against taking a stand," or "The current attempt to unify the country against municipal patronage and bossism seems to me dangerous, because by enforcing an ideological unity on politics we threaten with extinction a few men, soaked in gravy we can well spare, who protect our ideological pluralism." The technique involves the recognition that accepted conceptions of experience can be undermined by simply expressing the reverse of that conception. It would not be difficult to reverse the emphasis of the conformity argument and document with selected detail the abundance of nonconforming behavior in contemporary society to

support it. I have already suggested the line of attack such an argument might take. Experience can always provide the basis for such "reversals of emphasis." A construct of the mind fits the data of our experience like a Procrustean bed, which, contrary to the beliefs of many, does not make such constructs false to experience, but only constantly subject to revision. Therefore, it would not be surprising to find in such reversals valuable insights and a good measure of validity. But, somehow, the device is not satisfactory. Riesman's use of it has opened him to the charge of engaging in intellectual tricks.

There are, at least, two reasons for objecting. The technique makes it possible to find virtue where it is ordinarily thought lacking, not by immediately returning to and investigating the experience that prompted the previous conception, but by first changing the stereotype to its opposite, knowing that experience will always subsequently supply you with data to make the change appear valid. These are moral conceptions, not analytical ones. Such rationalizing easily promotes intellectual apology for an existing way of life in the guise of analysis of that way of life. There is no need to object to intellectual apologists—they are part of the air we breathe—but their role should be recognized for what it is. This technique can obscure that role.

Moreover, to follow this path of inquiry would not significantly refute the converse proposition that conforming behavior is abundantly evident. To follow this path would only push the argument into a discussion of what indices can be legitimately used to determine that trend—events in science, in art, in politics, in business, in religion, in law. If no resolution is possible in this manner, and one seldom is, we can, with modest self righteousness, declare that history—the future looking back at us—must make the judgment.

The possibility that future historians are the only legitimate classifiers of our times raises another point. The period in which we live has, on various occasions, been classified as an Age of Anxiety, an Age of Criticism, and, of course, an Age of Conformity—a psychological, an aesthetic, and a social epithet of contemporary life. We have lost our roots; we are at loose ends; fear and anxiety plague us. While the creativity of the artist appears to be dormant, criticism—both as the logical analysis of the philosopher and the textual analysis of the literary scholar—has thrived, and, it has been

suggested, had obtruded on creativity, much like eighteenth century criticism, by dictating canons of taste, constraining rather than releasing the artist in his work. Finally, the individual conscience has reportedly suffered virtual submersion into a group conscience.

Without denying the conditions which these labels pretend to describe, I find the labels suspect. If I contrast them with others given to past eras—Age of Pericles, Middle Ages, Victorian Age, Reformation—I find they suggest an indictment; they are not merely descriptive. The only reason for making such an obvious point is that here again there is judgment hiding behind analysis. When this subterfuge occurs, there are significant consequences for our understanding.

II

Therefore, any dissatisfaction with the critics of conformity will not be resolved by questioning their perceptions of contemporary society. I can show that there is much nonconformity in our lives today, but I cannot show that there is no conformity. I should not want to do so. There obviously is conformity in society—many people in all sectors of life doing exactly what others are doing, not questioning what they are doing, and not wanting to question what they are doing. In fact, the most valid assertion to be made about conformity, that it exists, has always existed, and must necessarily exist in society, has helped to confirm the questionable assertion that it exists more emphatically in contemporary society and more dominantly in some sectors of that society than in others. Suspicion need not be felt against the selective perception of these critics, but against the concept of conformity itself. There is a misstatement of the issues rather than a misperception of them. Concern should shift from the Age of Conformity to the word "conformity."

In order to pursue the suggestion, a distinction must be made between the objection to conformity and the objection to conforming to objectionable commitments. Several years ago, a magazine was founded on the premise that there was no expression of political dissent in our society and that it was needed. However, when *Dissent* objects to the lack of protest in current politics, it is a fair issue to raise whether conformity is the significant concern which

motivates it or concern with the failure of others to conform to a particular set of political commitments. We are often told that our aesthetic sensibilities, our canons of taste, are severely channeled to respond to existing forms of artistic expression. It is fair to ask whether it is conformity which is being objected to or the failure to appreciate and reward some particular brands of artistic perspective. "Conformity" may be only another man's formity, while "nonconformity" is my formity.*

The point is a facile one. The difficulty with facile points is that often their transparency embarrasses us and, in embarrassing us, they become ineffectual arguments. Moreover, critics of conformity may think that the distinction is simply a verbal trick used to apologize for the status quo, otherwise too trivial and obvious to bother with. However, the distinction is important because it changes the problem from conformity to values—and to differences in values.

The first step in solving a problem is stating it correctly. Shift the problem from conformity to values and the word "conformity" becomes better understood as a weapon of attack rather than an instrument of thought in the minds of those who declaim so vigorously against conformity. Its use is the critic's way of fighting to direct men's minds. Words, we know well, may be instruments of power. They are often the only instruments of power the intellectual as cultural reformer has, ineffectual as they may be compared to those of wealth, political authority, and scientific knowledge. He must make use of them. Therefore, I am not denying the legitimacy of the use of a word as a weapon. However, to avoid falling unquestioningly from one "formity" into another, we must understand what the issues are and how they are being presented. This requires an act of analysis, and the concept of "conformity" contributes nothing to that analysis.

Analysis is a dangerous procedure for the cultural reformer. He often feels threatened by it because it vitiates his power of indignation. It is the scholar's and the scientist's way of looking before leaping, and at times it appears as though they wanted to avoid leaping altogether. The reformer, then, is often quick to infer that

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*This definition has its prototype, an eighteenth century bishop's definition of orthodoxy: "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

the analyst is covertly, if not overtly, trying to justify the existing features of culture and society. Such an inference may be valid regarding any particular individual, but it is never valid inferred from the act of analysis itself.

The critics of conformity often expound a cause using the concept of "conformity" as a weapon of offense in defense of that cause. To assert this does not deny either the value of the cause, its legitimacy, or the right to and importance of expounding it. In fact, the presence of causes identified with particular groups is the best evidence that some monolith, known as society, provides rather than deprives the individual of the opportunity of being independent. Society is not more than the totality of the groups and the sentiments associated with these groups that individuals have formed in order to facilitate the fulfillment of needs and aims.

An important condition necessary to realize individuality, that is, the freedom of the ego to deviate from previous affiliations, is the presence of legitimate alternatives from which to choose a course of action. Too often we associate the possibility of individuality only with taking alternatives which, from the point of view of the society, are illegitimate choices—such as being a communist in the United States, being a nudist in Ohio, being a beatnik in the D.A.R. Thus, we view society as a force keeping us from doing what we want to do. However, contemporary society probably offers more different avenues to action than ever before available. Even the simplest society has never been so restrictive that deviation could not and did not occur. This does not mean that society as a network of groups binding individuals is nonrestrictive because it freely allows us to deviate; it would not be society if that were true. What it does do is allow us to move from one restriction to another within the range of legitimate choices, and this range is remarkably large in modern society. What it does not do, of course, is reward each choice equally.

A scientist can choose to work for the government and therefore directly in the interest of the defense effort, or he can choose to work in a university. (There are other choices, but the issue need not be complicated with them.) In the former choice, he makes more money, gains access to better technical facilities, and has the satisfaction of working directly for his country; in the latter, he

works on problems which may be closer to his personal satisfaction and he may be relieved not to be making a more immediate contribution to the development of destructive weapons. The consequences of either choice are not exhausted here, but the point is that choosing the university means maximizing some rewards, minimizing others; choosing the government will have similar results. The decision involves moral problems and professional problems, but there is nothing in the issue which makes one choice that of a conformist and the other a nonconformist—not as long as such choice is possible. Nothing is implied here about the fact that once you have made a choice, you have affiliated with others, and consequently there will be restrictions on your actions as well as on others in the group. However, this is a condition of all men in society and the epithet of conformist against any one is rather meaningless—except as a weapon.

A Socialist has more difficulty getting elected than a Republican; an artist may not receive the recognition he and others believe he deserves. If, however, the society does not prevent them from trying to gain richer rewards, then it cannot be said to be restrictive. The fact that neither may succeed gives them a special status, that is, representatives of minority opinions, but it is not a status which discriminates the nonconformist from the conformist. The difference between themselves and those unresponsive others is not that the former have sensibilities, political and artistic, which differentiate them from all others of their kind while the latter have sensibilities which do not.

I will argue later that the only direct attack on conformity is one which urges that choices be made on the basis of a rational assessment of alternatives. If, however, the attack is made against conformity to a tradition, that is, to a long prescribed and unquestioned course of action, or against conforming to the pressures of a group other than one to which the critic belongs, then the issue is not conformity but values. In assessing the arguments of the critics of conformity, it must be determined whether or not they have a positive course of action and whether that positive course of action is not simply substituting one conformity for another. Such efforts are entirely legitimate, but they should not be understood as an essential attack on conformity and a plea for individualism.

III

If one of the major themes of American intellectuals today is the threat of conformity, there is yet another which is interesting in that it is actually a counter-theme to the first. The theme is that of our rootlessness, our loss of a common basis of understanding, the lack of a spiritual and intellectual foundation giving order and articulation to the many strands of a complex society and culture. It is a counter-theme to that of conformity because it stresses the alienation of the individual, his incapacity to find a genuine basis of relationship with others. The presence of conformity belies this condition insofar as it is associated with the trend toward group identity, with the social ethic, to use William Whyte's phrase. The social ethic, with its stress on "belongingness" and its belief, according to Whyte, in the group as the source of creativity, is a response to the existential condition of meaningless experience and individual alienation. But is the issue one of conformity or one of a felt inadequacy in the kind of superficial response which we associate with such terms as the "social ethic," "togetherness," and "the team"? Is it conformity to which we object, or a particular expression of conformity? The statement of the problem and the possible solutions to it depend on how you answer the question.

If I agree with David Daiches that a "public truth" is needed to give the artist (and others, I should add) a means of communication, I doubt that I would be questioned by the critics of conformity. If I state with Clarence Faust, the educator, the need for consensus to give our educational system the stability and sense of direction it needs, there would probably be little argument. And if I stress, with so many others, the need which contemporary culture and society has for a core of common values, few, if any, would admonish me for dangerous, conformist thought. Yet, each of these ideas is quite bound up with conformity. It may be thought that this statement is merely another application of the now conventional semantic gambit whereby descriptions of the same experience in different words produce different responses, favorable and unfavorable as the case may be. It is a point but not the essential one.

Earlier I noted the relationships between the mental world and the social world. The point must be repeated. Terms such as "public

truth," "common values," "consensus" are considered primarily in an ideological context—the realm of the mind; the idea that to realize the conditions implied by these terms intimately involves the social realm is often obscured. Individuals cannot share truths, i.e. create a public truth, common values, etc., without this sharing being revealed in a set of social relationships which identify them as a group; conformity thrives in the persistence of those social relationships and those public truths—in the social realm and in the ideological realm.

When Daiches speaks about the need for a public truth, he recognizes this dual aspect, which is actually only one seen from different perspectives. He tells us that "all civilization depends on some sort of schematization of reality. Some kind of value pattern must be imposed on the apparent chaos of human and natural activity before the arts of life can take root." This is the realm of the mind. He also tells us that "all the other major effects of art will be found upon examination to be entirely dependent on a community of beliefs about value—a community prevailing, if not through the entire population, at least through that section of it which constitutes the artist's world and the world of his audience." This is the same idea—a public truth—defined in a social context. "Community" is the crucial word—common sensibilities which are reflected in the individual's affiliation with others into groups. And underlying this idea of "community" is conformity. Thus, if the diagnosis of modern man as rootless and alienated is a correct one and the recognized cure involves a response to common values, to public truths, to consensus and the like, then conformity is implicit in that response, as much as it is in the kind of response suggested by Whyte's social ethic. Again the issue centers on the relative merit of specific responses and not on conformity versus nonconformity. To focus attention on the latter only obscures and confuses the issue.

"Conformity" is a handy label which has been used to classify a variety of specific and significant issues in contemporary society. The lowering of standards in every phase of living which has been associated with the rise of mass culture falls under the rubric of conformity; the role of the scientist as scholar, as citizen, and, most inclusively, as moral being, in an age in which the development of knowledge makes it possible to destroy men both in body and spirit

to an extent possibly never before contemplated, is portrayed as a problem of conformity; so are such issues as the status, function, and recognition of the artist in our society and the political complacency of a relatively well-fed and secure populace. The difficulty is not that these issues cannot be discussed in the context of conformity, as unprofitable as I might think that discussion is, but that almost any issue can be so discussed. The selection is arbitrary.

Consider the problem of integration in the South. A substantial number of Southerners refuse to submit to the decision of the nation's supreme authority. This is quite flagrant nonconformity. And yet, at the very same time, these very same people adhere, with deep conviction, to a concept of Southern life and culture which existed largely in the ante-bellum, pre-industrialized South. Can this be said to be anything but conformity? However, for those Southerners who want to submit to the authority of the Supreme Court, who have felt that Southern traditions must give way to a different kind of social order, the situation is reversed. In this situation I hesitate to admire conformity or nonconformity. For some of us the issue is perhaps more complicated. There may be among us those who find much to admire in Southerners who refuse to submit to authority, but wish that they would express this nonconformity in some context other than integration and conform willingly to this particular demand. It is, then, the specific act of deviance or failure to deviate which must be admired. This is a matter of values. The issue of conformity becomes superfluous. Little is gained by interpreting integration in the language of conformity and nonconformity. In fact, not to do so saves those with liberal political convictions much embarrassment.

The point is not hypothetical. Recently, the trustees of a small, midwestern college were asked to endorse, as an official college statement, a resolution deploring racial discrimination in some of the town's business establishments. The resolution had been adopted by the ranking legislative body of the college after prodding and urging by organized members of the community. The resolution was in accord with both the general sentiments of the college community and the legal precepts of the town community. The Board of Trustees refused to endorse it. No one can deny the Board's right to make this decision or any other one. Undoubtedly it had some cogent reasons for doing so, but the evils of conformity would hardly seem

a relevant one in this context. Yet the Board declared, in its explanation of the decision, that "aside from the basic moral problem involved in the organized use of social pressures, the executive committee believes that their use tends to create undesirable conformity of thinking in any community." How so true! And how like the very air we breathe it is! Surely, the concept of "conformity" can be turned against anyone. It is like poison gas which at any shift of the wind may kill friend and foe alike.

To repeat, virtually any social issue can be interpreted as a problem of conformity, but there is little clarity to be found in such interpretation. However, those who do so profit not through clarifying issues but through judging and indicting in the guise of analyzing and understanding.

IV

Raising the issue of conformity not only obscures problems of value with which all of us should be concerned, but it also obscures some of the research problems which the social scientist can explicate. There is, for example, implicit in and oversimplified by the concept of "conformity," a series of problems which might better be classified under social control. Some idea of the complexity of the problems may be seen in the variety of contexts in which conformity results.

Examples are abundant. Coercion, which results from the application of power, whether it is recognized as legitimate or not, promotes conformity. Manipulation, the effort to seduce the mind into patterns of thought to which it might otherwise not adhere, promotes conformity. But this also implies nonconformity. If techniques, such as those which have been associated with the phrase "subliminal advertising", have to be developed to seduce our minds, then apparently many are not prone to accept the influence of others without special efforts being made in that direction. This suggests a measure of nonconformity.

There is also the interesting problem of the conformity which is nonconformity. The man who conforms too strictly to the norms of the group is often viewed as a deviant by others in the group. We find this expressed in the objection we feel for a man who adheres to the "letter of the law," whereas the "spirit of the law" implies

a willingness to recognize a larger range of acceptable behavior. "A stickler for the rules" is another expression that connotes the sentiment that a man is a nonconformist by virtue of his over-conforming. No group demands single-minded adherence to its norms by its members, and few members give it. When they do, they are viewed as deviants.

There is also the conformity that results from individuals so thoroughly internalizing the norms of the groups to which they belong that they cannot be said to be consciously conforming, and the whole issue would probably be meaningless to them. There is the conformity of the individuals who know they are adhering to the norms of the group, and wish to do so.

These problems in group relations and social control cannot be illuminated by such simple ideas as conformity and nonconformity. The concepts are far too ubiquitous in their application. There is good conformity and there is bad conformity; there is good nonconformity and there is bad nonconformity; conformity is a necessity and nonconformity is a necessity; conformity is inevitable and nonconformity is equally inevitable.

For example, in some instances, conformity is not only good in itself but it provides the conditions in which nonconformity can thrive. Alfred North Whitehead has remarked that "civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them." This is what culture does for us. It provides ready-made responses to many kinds of experiences, and, as individuals, we do not have to expend our energies on every simple problem as though it had just been encountered for the first time. This can release those energies to deal with the problems that new experiences and innovations bring. Solving them and providing a routine response to these experiences free us again to go on to another set of problems in the never-ending effort to cope with circumstances. There is a danger, I admit, that the conventional stamp which culture puts on experience can inhibit our perception of novelty. Psychologists, perhaps, should devote their time to developing a theory of unlearning, rather than a theory of learning, if I may indulge in a reverse of emphasis.

It is the act of analysis which helps us to break down these conventions so that we perceive experiences in terms of new rela-

tionships, replacing one *Gestalt* with another in the process of understanding the world about us. Psychoanalysts and artists tell us that only in the infant and in the artist do we have a response to experience that is direct, immediate, and unhampered by the molds which culture provides for us. If this freedom to respond to its environment without being supplied with stereotypes is true of the infant, no envy need be lost on it because he lacks appreciation of his wonderful gift, and the gift is shortlived in any case. As for the artist, when he attempts to articulate his intuition, I believe he behaves more like a scientist than he does a three- or four-month-old baby. And that is to his credit. He engages in an act of analysis, whether consciously or otherwise. He must break down the conventions of expression in order to show that old forms did not do full justice to experience. And in doing so, he creates new modes of expression, which become conventions. Thus, we can speak of an artist's style and of traditions of art. And though conformity helps promote nonconformity, the latter is ultimately transformed into the former. Here we have the goodness of conformity, the badness of conformity, its necessity and its inevitability. There seems to me very little merit, as far as understanding is concerned, in a concept which can be everything and anything, to everyone and anyone. The same may be said for its counterpart, nonconformity.

V

The question now arises, what gives so much currency to the notions of conformity and nonconformity? The answer lies, I believe, in the assumption of a basic antagonism between the individual and his society. "If anything can be said to characterize the time we are living in," writes Robert Lindner, "it is the extreme tension that exists between the individual and his society." The trouble with this dichotomy is not that there is never any conflict between individuals and the norms of the groups to which they belong, but that this conflict is misconceived as a matter of conformity versus nonconformity. This misconception arises out of a particular view of the individual in relation to his society which is found in a popular conception of human nature. The idea that one can postulate a nature of man—basic attributes—outside of any social matrix, and that

culture, society, or civilization represent a kind of overlay imposed on this elemental nature, is an idea with a long and respectable history. The relationship between this basic human nature and the social and cultural overlay might vary, but the dichotomy persists. One view tells us that if we could only let these attributes of human nature manifest themselves in their naturalness, social institutions would emerge which reflected them and served their needs. Thus, the conflict between the individual and society might eventually be eliminated. Another view sees the conflict as always present and claims that only through the sublimation of man's basic drives into socially approved channels does the individual accommodate himself to the inevitability of this social and cultural overlay. A third view would see these attributes as potentialities which are realizable as actualities in the social matrix. Depending on the social conditions, the individual can emerge as a rich, productive personality or as an unproductive one. This last view has features reminiscent of the first, and it comes nearest to breaking down the notion of the individual in conflict with society.

Nonetheless, for Rousseau, Freud, or Fromm, the notion of a human nature independent of the social and cultural framework in which the individual exists is there. I do not believe that this conception of human nature is a tenable one. Man is known only in a social environment. An individual realizes himself as a self only in relation to and interaction with others. This is perhaps why God made man in His own image, so that He might recognize Himself. This does not mean, however, that men are so submerged by the identity of group that they have no self-identity. Just as a group represents a common identity among individuals, an individual represents a network of group affiliations which find their nucleus in the idea of the self.

However, the notion that man's nature is identifiable only in the context of a social and cultural order is relevant as an argument against a conception of human nature which does not include it. Once the point is acknowledged, it has done its job and has lost its force. What then becomes important are the implications to be derived from the idea. The implication here is that conformity or nonconformity to social and cultural demands are not concepts upon which the ideas of freedom and individuality can rest.

VI

If the idea of deviance from the norms of the group is not enough through which to interpret individuality, freedom, or independence, it need not follow that these concepts be rejected. They must be reinterpreted. The question is, how can we best frame such concepts in order to avoid the contradictions inherent in ignoring specific conforming behavior while stressing nonconforming behavior or, as some do, in ignoring specific nonconformity while stressing conformity?

To answer this question, it must be first understood that individuality is an act, not a state of being. No man is an individualist; there are only acts of individuality. A necessary but not sufficient condition for such acts is found in the opportunity to choose alternative paths of action, to make choices. Freedom is realized in the context of conflict, though not all forms of conflict enhance freedom. But the presence of choice means the presence of conflict, whether between individuals or within an individual, and choice is a prerequisite for freedom and the assertion of one's individuality.

However, the presence of choice alone cannot suffice to insure acts of individuality. The detachment from group affiliation which we associate with deviance and independence results from the rational assessment of alternatives. And by rational assessment, I mean the systematic use of empirical and logical analysis or the knowledge derived from such analysis to solve the problems which face us. At the moment and for the moment that we make such an assessment, we are detached, we are unaffiliated. When the decision is made, the alternative elected, and for the length of time it goes unquestioned, the moment of individuality is passed.

Viewed in this fashion, one of the greatest acts of freedom known to Western civilization was an act of conformity. It is the occasion of Socates' death. Imprisoned and awaiting execution, Socrates is visited by his friend, Crito, and offered the opportunity to escape. He is given a choice. Socates does not immediately reject or accept the offer. He tells us that he is of a nature which must be guided by reason and that to accept the chance to escape he must find principles to honor which are better than those principles he has hitherto honored. And he proceeds to reason. We may be un-

sympathetic to his particular canons of reason, but this is beside the point here. At the moment Socrates begins to reason, he detaches himself from those principles which have guided him to this point and from those which are implied by the offer to escape. He is committing an act of individuality. His decision not to escape means that he conforms to the judgment of the court which tried him and to the legitimacy of that court's doing so. However, the moment of detachment, while he reasons the issue, makes of his choice more than a matter of conformity. It is an act of freedom.

The rational assessment of alternative modes of behavior is a necessary condition of the freedom associated with individuality. However, it is not a sufficient condition, any more than is the mere presence of choice. After all, the reasoning may well be a rationalization of a decision to which we are already committed. The freedom embodied in the idea that systematic analysis of a problem should be a prerequisite to making decisions may be only a sophisticated variation on the freedom that is defined as the recognition of necessity. This would be a form of conformity, a metaphysical conformity perhaps. It seems insufficient and unsatisfactory. The ideas of scientific community, public scrutiny, and determining the falseness of hypotheses provide some of the means whereby the scientist, in his professional role, may avoid this dilemma. However, the integrity of the moral decision is not as easily resolved.

Therefore, another element must be added as a condition of freedom and individuality. Freedom is the willingness to accept the consequences of your acts. Socrates did. There is no more ultimate consequence for man than death. When Socrates made his decision, the onus for his death was upon him as much as it was upon his jailers.

Decisions have consequences: they can alter the relations we have with others and change the pattern of our lives. Greatness is achieved in the context of decisions which have the most far-reaching consequences, but so is failure. Greatness is achieved by sticking your neck out, but so is failure. Your neck may be wreathed with laurel or it may be chopped off, to indicate the extremes only.

Many of us, perhaps most or all of us, suffer from what may be called the Ariadne Complex. We want to enter the labyrinth and kill the Minotaur, but we want also to be sure that there is a strong

thread to bind us to another in the safe regions outside the maze. We want to maximize both security and achievement. We want to maximize the security that is realized in the wealth of rewards others of the group may give us, and we want to maximize the achievement which is manifested in extending our sensibilities outside the orbit of the group, whether it be in art, science, politics, education, and so on. It seems a bit incongruous, but we want others to reward us for being different.

There is a difficulty, however. The principle of the allocation of scarce resources is one we know is important in the production and distribution of economic goods. The principle is significant in other social contexts as well. Rewards, social and economic, are not, cannot, be distributed equitably. We may always strive to change the criteria which at any time will determine how rewards are to be allocated. But whatever the criteria, there will be inequitable distribution (not necessarily unjust distribution), and success will be matched by failure, again to express extremes. Our willingness to accept the consequences of our acts means the willingness to accept responsibility for them and to accept the possibility of failure at any moment in time.

This does not mean that one must grin and bear it. To repeat, freedom is found in the context of conflict. The battle for recognition of a new art form, for a minority political expression, for a change in mores is always a legitimate battle. But a battle fought can be a battle lost. Accepting the consequences of your own acts means accepting the responsibility for the position in which these acts place you in relation to the society at large. It does not mean that the fight to change that position should end.

Individuality is an act and not a state of being. It is realized in the conflict situation of choosing between alternatives and in the rational assessment of those alternatives. It presupposes the willingness to accept the consequences of the choices made. These elements are the constituents of a concept of individuality which free it from dependency on the notions of conformity and nonconformity.

We can agree with Socrates that the unexamined life is not worth living, but it must be examined with sound principles and in good faith. The argument of conformity does not seem to me to meet either test.

Golden Age

By RUTH KRONMAN

■ Every Tuesday and every Thursday, from twelve-thirty on, the cars drove up before the Y building, to the space marked No Parking, and the middle-aged women leaned over and opened doors and let out the old people, generally one to a car. Occasionally there was a taxi. Some few came heavily plodding in their broad shoes from the bus stop. But mainly cars drew up and daughters dropped off a lone old man or old woman and made arrangements, in loud voices, to pick them up some two or three hours later.

So many of them, Irene Paine thought, braking her car as she waited for three cars ahead of her to stop, to open, the old man or woman in each to climb cumbersomely out, to close the door slowly. Each motion so deliberate. She watched them pick their way up the few broad steps of the modern brick and glass building, push open, with great effort, the heavy glass doors, and find their way inside. So many of them. Every Tuesday, every Thursday, fall, winter, spring. This is only the beginning, she noted, watching leaves beginning to sift down, only the beginning of these endless afternoons. . . . Summer had been got through, somehow—they had stayed with Steve and then with Nora—and now the fall had begun, the long winter, the nevercoming spring.

From the back seat Mrs. Halberstad called out in her strong and cheery voice, "How are the children?"

She nodded. Her mother could not hear. The nod meant, Fine, fine.

"Are they all in school?"

RUTH KRONMAN's fiction has appeared in a variety of magazines. Her last appearance on these pages was with "Young Berg" in the Spring, 1957 issue.

Nod. (Not Elly, but I won't tell her. It will start a whole do.)

"That's the best place for them," the answer came, as she knew it would. "School is the best place for them."

Irene nodded.

"She said that five times already," her father said bitterly.

Irene nodded.

"You know what she did this morning? I couldn't find the bread; I knew we had bread; I looked high and low. You know what she did? She put it in the drawer where we keep towels. Towels!"

He looked at her for an answer. She was to be on his side.

"She doesn't mean to. . . ."

He shook his head. "She's getting worse every day. I don't know what I'll do, how much longer. . . ."

"Papa," she said, as they inched ahead, "I'll pick you up at three thirty."

"It's too much bother for you. . . ."

The conversation was starting, a phonograph record she could play from memory, they had said the same words so many times, and meant the same meaning. There was a translation of everything; she knew the words, and, worse, she knew, under the words, the translation.

"Tell you the truth," he said, "I don't have to go altogether. They don't do a thing, drink coffee, play cards; they play a miserable game anyhow. . . ."

(I like it all, cards, talk, people. I make them recognize me as a man. I play a good game, even if my hands shake. I know what I'm talking about. But I don't want Irene to think I am idle, have time to waste, depend on her. . . .)

"It's no bother for me, Papa. I'll be out in the car anyway."

(I am tied to the car and Mama, only looking for ways to push time. I need to bother. I need to do *something*.)

"What will you do with Ma? She's too much trouble for you. It's my job to take care of her."

(I am old, but she is older in a way I will never be. Her infirmities, of mind, of hearing, of memory, prove I am the stronger, still Herman Halberstad, with a mind as sharp as a razor. It is Mollie who is the burden, not me, not ever me.)

His daughter said, weary of the talk, "We always find places to go. Mama loves to ride, and I've errands to do."

(Please, please, just go on in and let me go. Do we have to play this out, each time?)

"I can take the bus home," he said, feeling for the handle on the car door. Something about his sight: he could see, but objects were not in their right place, and he had to grope. She reached over and helped him with the door. He felt his way down slowly, and then stood holding the door. Behind them cars were waiting. He would go in, he would wait for her to come for him, but he had to make this stand.

"I can take the bus home."

(I hate the bus. My hand shakes and I drop the fare, I miss the step, I can not read the sign on front nor see the corner where I get off. The bus destroys me, but she doesn't have to know it.)

"I'll be here, Papa. It's no trouble. Have a nice afternoon."

(He knows he can't go on the bus, I know it, why can't he admit it? That independent will that I must not ever nick—I am tired already.)

"Mama," she shouted, clear and loud, "come into the front." She pointed, opened the back door, beckoned.

"Come into the front. Papa is getting out."

"Where?" the old lady said.

"Front, here."

It would have been so much easier, she sighed, if Mama had sat in front when they left the apartment. They had tried, she and Papa, but her mother had not understood. Papa should ride with his girl, she said, and would not change. They gave up, as they always gave up, and now there was this.

The transfer was finally effected. The little, wrinkled woman with a whoosh of grey hair sprouting from beneath the dusty brown hat she always wore jumped spryly from the back, once she was persuaded, and into the front. She did not close the door. Wearily, the daughter reached over, grabbed the handle, swung the door closed.

"Oh, the door," her mother said, and opened it, and shut it.

A sigh of relief. That was accomplished. They began to move. Happily, Irene thought, she had not noticed her husband's going.

Sometimes there was, Where is my Papa? and it was a long hassle.

"I don't know where I'm going," the old lady sang out happily, "but I'm on my way."

"We're going shopping." She leaned from the wheel, shouted in the direction of her mother's ear.

"Where?"

"Shopping."

Mrs. Halberstad nodded. "We need bread. I have money. I'll pay for it." She opened her purse.

"Not today," Irene said. "We're going for socks and underwear for Peter. Tomorrow we go marketing for food." (And the next day to the Y, and the next for a drive, and the next? How will I ever fill these afternoons?)

"Peter, what a fine little boy; is he in school?

Irene nodded.

"That's the best place for him."

Silence.

"Where we going? I need bread, I'll pay for it; I have money. White bread, that's what I like."

Irene started to say, No, you don't need it today, and stopped herself. I must learn; when will I learn?

They settled into the driving. She would take the longest route to the farthest shopping center. It would push the time. How many afternoons had they gone this way, how many of these interminable afternoons? They were on a pretty stretch of road, and her mother sat happily looking out. In a moment she would say, All the houses are painted white, as if she had just discovered it. There was a piece of her own mind, Irene recognized, that reached out to this childishness, that answered it, No, some of them are brick, see, there's a gray one, no, no—like a child to another child—no, yes, no, yes. This was happening to her.

The old lady spoke. "Look, Irene, all the houses are painted white. They just passed a law, they have to paint them white."

Something new has been added, Irene noted. At least she could stop herself, she did not answer, No, it's not a law, no, they're not all white. . . . Maybe there was hope for her, maybe she was learning. She tried to shift the talk.

"How about it, Mother, shall we stop for a cup of coffee?"

"I'm game. I'm always game." She was chipper, her voice strong and cheery.

"My," she said. "Look, the houses are all painted white. It's a new law."

Coffee, the younger woman thought; that should take half an hour or so. Mama likes to eat. The socks and underwear, driving and shopping—another hour, hopefully. That leaves a half hour. I could stop at Mary's; she doesn't mind, and Mama enjoys the baby. She could hear her, Oh my, whose baby is that, they're the joy of life, she's a living doll, you have a living doll, they're the joy of life. . . . Mary understood.

Into her planning came words.

"How are the children?"

Irene nodded. "Fine."

"Are they all in school?"

She nodded again. (Not Ellie, she's home with a cold, but I won't tell her.) She knew the next words:

"That's the best place for them," she said triumphantly. "School is the very best place for them."

They turned in at a small new shopping area, and Irene parked at the Soda Shoppe.

"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way," the old lady laughed. "I guess I need white bread."

"Not today."

She steered her mother, hoping to keep her from going into the wrong store. What a pace, how sure footed she was. Wonderful, their friends said, simply amazing, her energy.

"Where we going?" She stopped short. "Not without Papa, not without my Papa. Where is he? Where did you leave my Papa?" She pulled away from Irene's restraining hand.

"He's at the Y, at the Golden Age Club. We took him there."

"You can't make me out a fool," the old lady said. "He should come with us; we can't leave him."

"It's all right, Mama, he likes it. It's good for him."

They started into the Soda Shoppe.

"Where's Papa?" she demanded as they sat down. "Where did you leave Papa?"

It went on as they gave their orders. Where's Papa? As they

waited. How are the children, are they in school? It's the best place for them. As they drank coffee. Do we need bread? Where's Papa?

She tried to recall to her mother that they had stopped, had left Papa, had changed seats; that they had done this every Tuesday and Thursday since they returned from Nora's. She found herself sucked into that strange world in which emotion and self-respect remained, the need to know and accept remained, but in which there was no memory of the immediate past and no consciousness of the future. Only this momentary present. Trying to prove unremembered incidents, Irene found that she herself became part of this world, confused, momentary, exasperated. Will always said, She's like a baby, don't argue with her. But she was not. She could not be told Yes, no, do thus and so. She could not be cuddled nor distracted. She was a very old lady, strong and determined in will, and she knew herself as an adult and Irene as a child, her child.

The shop was busy. Women in twos, having a leisurely lunch. They would go on to shop together, and when they went home, in time for their children's return from school, they would be refreshed, having spent part of their day on themselves, in the company of a friend. She envied them. She felt as she used to when the children were small and she spent all day with them: Oh for an adult word, for an undemanded minute. Some day, she thought, as she nodded and yes'd and no'd to her mother's prattle, and watched her eat with great gusto a piece of pie and drink two cups of coffee, some day I will have time. That will be after—and she pushed the thought away. I do not wish her to die, oh no, I do not, only. . . . She pulled herself away from the rising thought that brought into the present the happy past: the beloved person her mother was, lively, interested in everything, humming at her work, warmly affectionate and giving. She was still all these things. All the beloved things she used to be were distorted, now, out of focus, uncontrolled.

"Let's go, Mother," she said, and her mother answered, "Why not? I'm game? Where do we go from here?"

"Shopping."

"We need bread. I have money; I'll buy it. White bread."

Irene steered her toward the door and stepped aside to let two

women enter. Damn, she thought, as a tall, crisply dressed woman shrieked, "Irene! Of all people!" Damn, damn, not Mia Willis, not this sleek, slender, social ex-classmate . . . and I am worn and frazzled, unnerved and rumpled, with my mother in her dusty hat and her wrinkled stockings and the spots on her jacket where she dropped pie. . . .

She made the introductions, and watched Mia at work, still up to every situation, still heavy with charm and the social word.

"Out for lunch and shopping, Mrs. Halberstad? Aren't you lucky to have such a wonderful daughter."

Mollie Halberstad preened. "This is my baby girl," she said, pulling at Irene's arm, "my baby daughter. Isn't she pretty?"

Irene smiled grimly. Some baby. "It's nice seeing you, Mia. We have to run."

Mia leaned to her. "She's cute. And I do admire you, Irene. It's so like you."

Go blow, she thought in anger, drop dead. What are some of the expressions Peter and his friends use? Go soak your head. She was straining to be as inelegant as she could in relation to the elegant Mia. Why, why am I in such a rage? My own inadequacies? . . . Mama never cared about clothes, she didn't need to, she was a suffragette, a fighter for child-labor laws, a humanitarian—even to feeding tramps—and I was always proud of her. . . . She swung the car out of the parking lot, and in the intensity of her thoughts stepped harder on the accelerator. Driving was a release. Whing, whoosh, around corners, feeling of power, of control, of excitement.

The road was hybrid, opened out in side roads to estates. Trucks used it, and the little sports cars and Cadillacs of the people who lived in the vast houses up the tree-lined side roads. Shopping areas were here, schools, old mansions, and traffic lights. She caught up to a thick lane of traffic, swinging rapidly past lights, and at a corner a light changed, suddenly, from green to red. The car ahead stopped. She kicked her brakes. Good brakes, responsive, quick. The car pitched to a stop, and behind her a light panel truck squealed and bumped her car with a hard whang of noise.

Automatically her arm went out, she looked to see if her mother was all right, and, reassured that nothing had happened, she found herself inexplicably shaking. For no reason. A little bump. Not

worth looking at. The light changed again, the cars to her left and ahead started moving, and she started to accelerate when she noticed, with shock, that the door on her mother's side was open, and her mother was not to be seen. The traffic found its way around her car, the man behind jumped out of his truck.

"Anything wrong, lady?"

"I can't find my mother."

How silly that sounded. She bent, looked, there was the grey-haired little woman under the car. Irene screamed.

"Mama, are you all right?"

The man reached down to pull her up. Mrs. Halberstad shook off the restraining hands.

"Leave me alone!" Her face was red with anger. "My hat, I can't find my hat."

"Oh my God!" In her fear, still shaking, Irene grabbed her mother's arm. "Get in," she screamed, "get in!" and shoved her toward the door.

"I won't go without my hat."

"Get in!"

She pushed her into the car. The man said, "You all right, Ma'am? You want my license? There's nothing on your car, I just couldn't stop fast enough."

"No, it's all right, I don't care, I just want to get moving."

"She all right?" the man persisted, looking at Mrs. Halberstad, who was crawling and reaching under the dashboard.

"Yes."

She tugged at her mother's arm. "Sit up, sit *up*. We'll find the hat, we have to move, we're holding up traffic."

She slammed the door and moved the car forward.

"Don't ever do that," Irene managed to say, when she had stopped shaking. "Don't ever open the car door and get out in traffic. You might have been killed."

"Ha, ha, ha," the laughing came. "Killed! You think I'm silly enough to believe that? I have to find my hat. You're very nervous, Irene. Maybe you should go to a doctor."

In a quiet block off the main road Irene stopped and reached down, and found the hat, dustier than ever, and crumpled. She brushed it and gave it to her mother.

"Oh, my hat. That's funny. You're very nervous; why are you so nervous, child?" She took the hat and put it on top of her head and sang out, "Oh my hat, my hat, my hat, my hat, the big fat lady sat on my hat, my hat, my hat."

It was a song Irene remembered from childhood. It was funny then, she recalled. How could it have been funny?

She hummed and sang, and Irene drove; and saw, in her future, this afternoon, and Thursday, and Tuesday, and Thursday, the infirm, strong-minded man, and the strong, senile woman, and kept saying, of this afternoon, I wish it were over, and then, with shock and dismay, I wish they were all over, all the afternoons, I wish, I wish. I shouldn't and I don't, but I do, I do, and she was horrified at herself. I do admire you, Mia said, it's so like you. . . . And her parents' neighbor, who repeated, I wish my daughter was so devoted, I think it's wonderful the way you are with your parents. . . . She tried to bury the feeling that persisted; I hate these days, I wish they were over. I am a monster, but I will be free. She tried to summon up the young days, the rides to farms with her father, the Sunday walks, the Christmases, her mother singing at her work. But they were memories and could not banish tension and pity and fatigue and the immense boredom of these present years. I am tired, she thought; I am many things, but mostly I am everlastingly and endlessly bored, and I will come alive again only when these days are over. That is euphemism. I will be free, she forced herself to say the truth, when they are both dead. Thus I am a monster. Matricide, patricide. And though I call a thousand doctors and ease their days and see them through the nights, I am still this ugly thing.

As she waited in the line of cars, behind the other middle-aged daughters picking up their parents from the meeting of the Golden Age Club, she mused, are they, too . . . and was tender with her father who stumbled against the door. He did not enter. He peered in and said, apologetically, "I know you're busy, Irene, but this friend of mine, nobody picked him up, his daughter-in-law was supposed to come. He's ninety-six," he said in awe, "and strong as an ox."

"Of course," Irene answered. "I'll park the car while you go in and get him."

"Where are we going without Papa!" her mother cried. "Where did he go?"

"He's getting a friend. I have to park the car. He'll come back, you'll see," and she watched to see that her mother didn't try to open the door.

The friend was a huge and ancient man, over six feet tall, with a bald head shining in the late afternoon sun, and crusted stains on his striped suit.

"Thank you, Miss," he said, as soon as he hoisted his bulky body into the back seat of the car. " I could of taken the bus—(oh no, she sighed, not another one)—but I didn't bring no money."

The sounds that jerked from his lips were tentative, halting, with no resonance, as if he could not swallow and all the vibrations were lost in the closed cavern of his mouth.

"Not that I'm poor; I own three houses, right here in town; I own the building I live in. When I came, you wouldn't believe me, Miss, was all woods here, nothing, country. . . ."

She interrupted only long enough to learn his address, and the talk went on, the man directing himself at her, leaning from the back seat to her shoulder. She learned why his voice was so strange. His dentures did not fit, there was a clacking as he spoke, and saliva and words poured forth together.

When she stopped in front of an old, small brick building, he clambered largely out and then stood against the front door, leaning past Mrs. Halberstad and endlessly talking and clacking and spitting: "This house, it's mine, only I signed it to my son and daughter. I don't like no trouble. You wouldn't believe it, I'm only ninety-three, Miss, ninety-three. . . ."

It took some time to ease him off gently, to stop the wet and noisy clacking that expressed his determined will to impress her: a conjugation: I have lived, I live, I will live. How do his children feel about him, she wondered, as she finally was able to drive away.

"Who was that old guy? What did he want? He was a funny one, all right." Mrs. Halberstad started to laugh. "Ha, ha, ha, he was a funny one. I thought he'd never let us go."

"He's ninety-six," Papa spoke angrily. "He says he's ninety-three but he's ninety-six. He's all right; did you ever see a man so strong at his age? Smart, too," he added, glaring at his wife.

"He's a funny one," and she continued to laugh.

"Remarkable." Irene tried to soothe her father.

There was a need to rush, now. Get Mama and Papa back to their apartment, and get herself into the clean and orderly house noisy with young living. She couldn't decide whether she would go to her room and cry, or stay downstairs and have a double Scotch. The Scotch won. It was less middle-aged.

That was Tuesday. There were many more Tuesdays and Thursdays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, when her car drove up into the line behind the others, and she helped Papa off, and was away for another afternoon. The houses are painted white, are the children in school, I don't know where I'm going, we need bread. . . . And then the inevitable Thursday.

They were waiting for the men to bring the stretcher up. Irene stood at the bedside and watched this barely breathing body that was Mollie Halberstad, her mother. She was not silly any longer, nor boring nor restless nor loquacious. She lay catching each breath, her cheeks sunken, the dentures that had bolstered her face removed. Her eyes were closed and deep, and on her hands every vein stood in a bas-relief that told a very long story. She did not know morning or night, nor the face of her baby girl that looked down at her with its middle-aged pity and fatigue. But when the men came and lifted her limp weight onto the stretcher, she smiled at Irene, and nodded, and, while there were no audible words, Irene knew what was being repeated in the shallow recesses of her clogged brain: I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

She watched the men, so easy in their job, and went to comfort Papa, who sat in a corner of the worn sofa and blew his nose with his trembling hands. He is on his way, too; we are all on our way. I will be there too, and a phrase from childhood assailed her. From childhood, because then justice and injustice matter intensely. The phrase hit her: It will serve me right. It will serve me right, if I live too long. I will be there too.

The tears came and the neighbor watching from behind her window as the stretcher was rolled into the ambulance, and as the weeping old man followed with his daughter, said, enviously, They're such a devoted family, it's really wonderful.

A Southern Liberal's Conflict

By BILL SIMS

Introductory Note:

For the last few years at the University of Arkansas I taught a course entitled "Existentialism." Its purpose was to attract students who were willing to face some of the major problems of our time rather than to dissolve them into academic and abstract formulae. The pursuit of this goal was facilitated by the fact that the backwardness of Arkansas and the charm and naturalness of its Ozark landscape seemed to allow for a more easygoing and contemplative life than would normally be possible in more urbanized and economically advanced areas.

The directness and power of perception which I had noted in many of my students found a new and dramatic expression during the Spring of 1959 when the University was directly affected by a law passed by a special session of the state legislature in the late summer of 1958. This law, designated as Act 10, requires that every teacher and professor in state-supported institutions, in order to receive or continue an appointment, list, under oath, all organizations to which he has belonged and/or contributed during the preceding five years.

F. G. FRIEDMANN was educated in his native Germany and in Italy but since 1940 has taught in the United States and has done extensive work in intercultural research in Mexico and Italy. This year Dr. Friedmann is Robert D. Campbell Visiting Professor of Philosophy at Wells College. He sent us this paper by his student, BILL SIMS, as a particularly poignant and perceptive statement of the position of the young Southerner caught in the dilemma of the present conflict. Mr. Sims is currently teaching at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute.

The issue was seen by the overwhelming majority of the students at the University of Arkansas as one of common decency versus the arrogance of political control. Led by their own daily, *The Arkansas Traveller,* the students showed a fervor on behalf on their beleaguered teachers which is usually thought to be lacking in the overcontented or overskeptical American student. It all seemed to prove that America, too, or at least sections of it, is capable of havings its "Hungary." Since the rebellion at the University of Arkansas was one of a myriad of individual acts of courage and loyalty rather than one violent explosion, it remained largely unreported in the national press.

Bill Sims's paper was written at the height of our struggles, as a free assignment for the class in "Existentialism." It is one of a number of perceptive papers written by members of that class out of what might truly be called "an existential situation." More specifically, in the realm of *existence* Bill is a Southerner, born in Little Rock, a graduate of Little Rock High School. Though he is not the author of his past, he accepts it unequivocally as his own. In the realm of *essences* he has a clear view of what is universally desirable. His perceptiveness is nourished by the conflict between the two realms, a conflict which is also his major theme. His antagonism toward "outsiders" and "Northerners" is not primarily ideological; it is based on the recognition that with them the "existential" component, the born-into character of his own situation, is missing, so that they are only able to operate on the level of *essences,* on the level of the moralizing intellect.

In the meantime, Bill has left Arkansas in violent disgust and has accepted his first teaching position in neighboring Tennessee, while I have been fired from the University for failure to file the affidavit required by Act 10. Neither one of us feels particularly self-righteous about the position we have taken. What we feel is sadness, and what we hope for is to return eventually—in Bill's own words —"in triumph or 'like a thief in the night'."

F. G. Friedmann

■ I grew up extremely conscious of being both an individualist and a Southerner. Individualism, non-conformity, "being different" were fetishes of mine long before I was old enough to move in circles

where "conformity" is a dirty word. At the same time, I was conscious and proud of being a Southerner, in a way that I think would be hard to find in any other section of the country—except in Texas, where it mingles with pride in being a Texan and becomes something quite different. It is hard to explain why this feeling exists, this "Southern nationalism" as it were. The easiest way to explain it is in terms of the Civil War, the meaning of which cannot, I think, ever be really understood by anyone who has not grown up in the South. Non-Southerners are always surprised by how *alive* it is in the minds of Southerners, mainly because it is impossible for them to comprehend the impact of the war on the mind of the South, an impact totally at variance with the impact of wars on the history of America as a whole. For this was a war *we lost*—America has never lost a war, but the South has. America has never been a conquered province or an occupied country, but the South has. During the period that America was growing like Jack's beanstalk, inexorably climbing toward a position as the richest and most powerful nation in the world, the South remained poor, backward, defeated. And Southerners clung to the memory of the time when they had stood against the forces of conformity with a fierce and bitter love, revering the symbols of that fight in their identification with the Lost Cause.

It would, perhaps, jar the average non-Southerner to hear the armies whom his history books have characterized as crusaders to preserve the Union and to break the shackles of slavery as "the forces of conformity." But that is what they were—the South was out of step with the national temper and the nation determined to get them in step. It didn't succeed, of course. The Union was preserved and slavery was abolished, all right, but the Southerner did not become a New England mill-hand with a drawl. He remained a Southerner and the blood spilled in his losing war hallowed that identity, made it necessary to preserve it at all costs. And this struggle to preserve the section's nonconformity inevitably, I think, puts a stamp of approval on individual nonconformity, a willingness to go along with individualism, a chuckling fondness for the "maverick." I do not mean that the pressures of society, of orthodox religion, of this worship of the Lost Cause itself did not become as great a force for conformity in the South as anywhere else. But a society that

glorifies the word "rebel," even in a purely historical sense, has given implicit approval of all that the word implies. This seems to me as good an explanation as any as to how my own nickname, "Rebel," began as a schoolboy recognition of schoolboy Unreconstructedness and survived as a description of character and personality.

Here is where the first inner conflict may begin in the mind of a young Southerner like myself, the conflict between the memories of that history hallowed by his ancestors' blood and the use of those memories by the diehard segregationists. He sees the Confederate battle flags that drape the platform at the segregationist rallies; he hears the throaty roar of the crowd singing the defiant lilt of "Dixie." And his reaction is surprise, outrage, an angry sense of sacrilege, expressed by the Nashville businessman who, when he saw a segregationist picketing an integrated school and carrying a Confederate flag, said bitterly, "I was taught that that was an honorable flag, for which honorable men fought and died bravely." They have, by the use of these hallowed symbols, impugned his patriotism, accused him of spitting on his grandfather's grave. They have called down from his pedestal the statue of the bearded man in the slouch hat who stands, with blanket-roll and rifle, forever facing North, and have enlisted him as an ally. They have not hesitated to call you "a traitor to the South." And so the confusion and the anger and the conflict begin.

There is never really any conflict between you and your friends. They have similar backgrounds, usually urban middle-class from a Mid-South city where race relations are good and white supremacy is not the sort of article of faith that it is in the Deep South or in sections where the Negro population is of a "dangerous" proportion. They are college-educated; they have had military service and seen something of the world; they are youthfully cynical enough to pay little attention to such things as "preserving the purity of the race;" they are youthfully idealistic enough to consider themselves "liberals." You sit together over your beer and mockingly imitate the attitudes and the slogans of the segregationists, punctuating your mockery with jeering, superior laughter.

But there is a conformity of liberalism, too, and sometimes it pinches, sometimes you burst out, "I'll tell you an example of con-

formity. It's the feeling of having done something wrong or the uneasiness about what people may think if you use the word 'nigger.' I'm not a segregationist; I haven't got any kind of racial prejudice. It's natural for me to use the word 'nigger'; I grew up using it, just as I grew up using 'ain't.' I don't mean it as an insult or a derogatory term of contempt, and I'd never use the word in front of a colored man because I know what it'd mean to him. But my friends ought to know how I feel; I ought not to have to be careful around people who know me."

And liberal conformity requires you to praise the NAACP and all their works, but how can a student majoring in English regard an organization as freedom-loving when it attempts to prevent a TV showing of O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* or wants to censor the wording of Stephen Foster songs?

This is not a small thing, either; it becomes more important as you feel the conflict between your own Southern liberalism and that of the "wild-eyed Yankee reformer." You feel a distinct uneasiness at the possibility of the violation of the concreteness of experience by the well-meaning outsider who simply cannot understand that this, no more than any other moral issue, is not simply a matter of black and white (no pun intended). This is why you take a strange delight in telling segregation jokes. Part of it is the business of imitating the segregationist attitude and laughing at it; part of it is a reaction against the tensions created by your own liberalism. It is directly analogous to the person of normally humanitarian feelings who delights in "cruelty jokes."

The odd thing about you and your friends is that you don't get a chance to see whether you could build a friendship with a Negro that would be close enough and secure enough to permit use of, and laughter at, segregationist jokes and the posturings of white supremists, to permit you to call him "you damn nigger" in the same easy, profane way that you call your white friends "you bastard." You are saved that, at least—the posturing of the Southerner who says, "Now I know Negroes; I was raised with them and have lived with them all my life; I've got a lot of good Negro friends." It just isn't so in your case or of most of your generation. You could truthfully say that you played with Negroes as a child, that you worked with them on construction jobs, that you have gone to school

with them, that you, in the Army, ate at the same table, slept in the same barracks, and bathed in the same showers. But you don't have any Negro friends; you make no claim whatsoever to knowing what the Negro "really wants"; you have no idea what he thinks. Your brother in an Ivy League college can joke with a Jewish friend about bombing temples, but he never says anything about contact with Negroes. You move in a vacuum as far as actual relationships with Negroes are concerned. Perhaps it's just as well; coming face-to-face with what you believe in can be a disillusioning experience.

The disillusionment is not so much the shattering of ideals as the sudden necessity of confronting something which you have lived comfortably with all your life, of looking at it in a harsh glare of light which reveals it as a totally different object. As one of your friends remarks, "Words and phrases that I've heard all my life and just sneered at as empty abstractions, they're *meaningful* now." The Civil War and "Southern patriotism" is as good an example as any. All your life, you have paid the automatic tribute to the Men in Gray, to the cause for which your ancestors fought. Then suddenly you realize that the extremists are mouthing the same slogans as the secessionist zealots did a century ago, and the sudden fantastic thought leaps into your mind: Well, what if it happens again? What if some of these idiots actually start shooting, start an armed rebellion? What are you going to do then? When you were a high school kid, you wore your Johnny Reb cap and sang, "Save your Confederate money, boys, the South will rise again." Now suddenly it's removed from the realm of reverence for the historical heroes and you face the possibility that someone will again raise the Stars and Bars and call for volunteers to defend the Southern Way of Life. And what will *you* do then? You may be uncertain about that, but you know what you *won't* do—you won't make the same choice your ancestors made. But then, was theirs the right one?

It is one way of making history come alive, this business of being faced with the same decisions that confronted your ancestors a century ago. You know, really *know,* the inner agony of the 1861 Southerner who had to choose between his country and his nation. All the abstractions are becoming concrete.

You never know what's going to be the next thing subjected

to this new harsh glare of light. For years you've been an avid sports fan; you've lived and died with the fortunes of your alma mater's football team; you've repeated all the arguments in defense of big-time college subsidized athletics. Then suddenly one day you see that the university football coach has glibly expressed his complete willingness to comply with a "loyalty oath" measure which is an insult to the whole academic world. And you realize that the possibility of not complying with this thing never even occurred to him, that few big-time college coaches in the country would consider taking an unpopular course of action requiring moral and intellectual courage or would ever consider putting principle before public relations, that they would not recognize a moral issue if it walked up and hit them in the face. Thus the scales fall from your eyes, and you denounce the whole system and swear never again to contribute a penny to its support. You feel disgusted and ashamed of your own blindness and wonder how you managed to deceive yourself so long. But it is simply the inability to live with things any longer; it is the necessity to make the moral judgment. Everything has been transfigured by the color of the storm.

The South is still the Bible Belt; moral judgment ought to come easy in a section that is still surprisingly devout in its own brand of religion. That religion is, however, a Protestantism which tends to be, no matter what the sect, harshly Calvinistic; Dixie is the stronghold of rigid fundamentalism. Inevitably, then, the story of the young Southern liberal raised in one of these churches includes the story of revolt against religious orthodoxy. He may take any one of several paths then: agnosticism, atheism, membership in a more liberal church, or (most common) indifference to religion in general combined with active hostility to the concept of orthodoxy in which he was raised. His own moral judgment in the desegregation issue is largely independent of the views of any church, although the ideals of Christianity certainly influence him.

In this area, the conflict simply strengthens his own rebellious and liberal inclinations. He is able to make moral identification with the haggard young Presbyterian minister who surveys the empty seats on Sunday morning (there have been complaints that he never preaches about anything but segregation and integration any more)

and observes, "Karl Barth has said that perhaps the mission of the Reformed Church in these times is to empty the pews until we get down to the Church. Looking around me this morning, I'd say we've made a good start." On the other hand, the young liberal's hostility to the orthodoxy of his birth is simply strengthened by the sight of fundamentalist ministers leading segregation rallies, defending segregation as God's will, preaching states' rights instead of Christian love and charity. He feels that it's only a step from this to the old man who cries, "I don't believe that God'll let any niggers in Heaven! God ain't a nigger! I ain't going to church any more if they're going to keep preaching about niggers!"

The conflict with his environment is the most searing. To some extent, this has gone on all his life—the conflict of his liberalism with the surrounding conservatism and Blue Law morality, of his religious views with fundamentalist orthodoxy, of his college-broadened outlook with the traditional provincialism. Much of this is not regional: it is the same struggle that the individualist, the nonconformist, and the rebel faces in any environment. But there is an added element here—the young Southerner's sense of identification with the very things that he is in rebellion against, that and his resentment of the "outsider" and "outside" criticism of these same things.

It is this, the Southern *mystique,* that the non-Southerner seems unable to understand, that he particularly cannot understand in the "enlightened" Southerner. He does not understand the homogeneity of the South, the way in which the educated liberal can identify with and understand the opinions and emotions of the "redneck," although he holds no brief for those opinions. A young Southerner in the Army may be told by a New Yorker, "I just don't understand how you people could get so worked up about going to school with colored people. I went to school with 'em and we never had any trouble." The Southerner has only amused contempt for this particular Yankee's intelligence; without mentioning the "blackboard jungles" of Brooklyn which have no counterpart in the South, he replies, "I don't believe in white supremacy or segregation myself. But I understand the people that do; I know how they feel. You don't; you just haven't got any way of knowing what it means

to be a white Southerner." This attitude carries over on all levels; no matter how intelligent a non-Southerner may be, his attempts to discuss the matter (usually from an assumed standpoint of superior virtue) are usually disastrous; they arouse only irritation and contemptuous resentment on the part of the Southerner at the ignorance of this person who doesn't *understand*. The liberal and intellectual non-Southerner usually assumes a common attitude and outlook on the part of his Southern counterpart; he doesn't seem to realize the insufferable arrogance of the statement, "I just don't understand how Southerners could feel the way they do about this," or that the statement immediately destroys the empathy between him and the liberal Southerner.

The Southern liberal may lash out in violent hatred at the institutions of the South; he may bitterly denounce the prejudice and ignorance of its people. But behind that hatred is frustrated love; the bitterness is caused by the wrenching in his soul, his inability to keep from being torn apart by his identity with his people and his anger at their folly. For they are *his* people; he is bound to them by ties of blood and soil. He *knows* what they think and feel, why they act as they do, and he turns in bitter wrath to denounce the smug Pharisee who "just can't understand why they make such a fuss about it." He may not have any Negro friends, but he *does* have "redneck" friends; he does understand them and know what they "really want" and what they are thinking. He cannot abandon them; he cannot flee the reality he is born to. They are his people . . . and because he is an idealist, and therefore an optimist about human nature, he sees hope for them in the smallest things. He may be riding in a car full of construction workers, bred-in-the-bone segregationists who do not let a day pass without denouncing the "niggers." One of them has been talking about the Ku Klux Klan and saying that it ought to be built up and start riding again in Arkansas. Another one, a wiry, weather-faced man of middle age, shakes his head. He would have no sympathy whatsoever for anything smacking of integration or racial equality, but he says quietly, "I just can't believe in the Klan. I'd be for 'em if they'd come out from behind those masks. But I just can't believe in any man that's afraid to show his face."

The words of men like these fall on the Southern liberal's ears

with a different sound than they would with a non-Southerner. These men are all middle-aged; they are products of their society and their time; there is a sort of *innocence* about their most vicious rantings. He knows that, for all their talk, most of them are at bottom decent, kindly men; he knows that their sons are more tolerant than they (not integrationists, no, but men a little more conscious of human dignity, men a little less convinced of the total rightness of the Southern Way of Life); then there must be hope that their sons' sons will be better yet. This is why he cannot reject them in his blackest anger and despondency; why he can defend them from the malicious assaults of the Northern press.

This conflict with his background leads up to a related conflict that can be the most heartbreaking of all—the conflict between the generations. It is illustrated simply and yet vividly by a friend of mine who told me recently of an argument with his family on the subject and remarked, "Before I left, both my mother and my brother called me a nigger-lover."

The conflict between the generations is not a new thing, of course; this element, again, is almost automatic in the life of the nonconformist, the individualist, the rebel; nor is conflict between the generations on this particular subject a new thing. But it has taken on a new bitterness in the present crisis; it has caused situations almost akin to those in 1861 when one member of the family fought for the Union and another for the Confederacy. It, too, is one of the things that the liberal has been able to live with, has been able to pursue a policy of "peaceful coexistence" with. But it is harder to do when disagreement on political issues becomes charged with moral and emotional feeling; when people are called upon to make a definite commitment, it becomes more and more difficult to coexist peacefully. And because it *is* seen as a moral conflict, one sometimes gets the final tragedy: the liberal son unable to respect his conservative father. He is unable to make the allowances for his father that he makes for others, simply because he *is* his father and should therefore be better than other men.

Fortunately, the situation usually does not deteriorate so far, although it can certainly become difficult enough at times. And one should not overlook another possibility: the pressure, both moral and

intellectual, brought on a father by a son whose intelligence and moral quality he respects. It is one thing to fall in with easy agreement with the racist slogans bandied about by his associates; it is quite another to realize that a proposed purge of "pro-integration" teachers would include his own son, that his children and his children's friends are among the "radicals" that the extremists want to see driven out of the South. A man may turn on an old friend and say, "As far as I'm concerned, it's a personal insult for you not to want my children to have decent schools to go to." A man may say, when his son mentions Amis Guthridge, "I don't know what's the matter with Amis; he used to be a pretty good old boy. He and I were friends. But now—well, I don't mean I'd *shun* him—but I wouldn't particularly want to be seen with him."

A man may have heard his father telling a friend that "there oughta be open season on niggers just like squirrels" and reflected rather bitterly about the conflict between this and his parents' Christian orthodoxy. But again, he may hear a story like this: "I don't know if you remember the colored maid we had one time; she was going to Philander Smith College, was going to be a teacher. She sure was a fine girl. So I went to see Lafayette Harris, the president out there, one day and told him about her. I told him that if she ever had any trouble financially, for him to let me know and I would personally see that she had the money to stay in school, because she certainly deserved to get an education. He told me, 'You don't know what this means to me, to come here and express an interest in this girl's future like this. But since you've been good enough to promise that you'll see that she gets her education, I'll make *you* a promise: I'll see that you never have to'."

Such are the liberal's fathers: often prejudiced and imperfect, but decent. The conflict goes on; it waxes bitter at times. They are segregationists, mainly, and will be until the day they die. But the liberals rarely have to worry that their fathers will gather outside schools in mobs; they do not worry that they will fire teachers for saying things they do not agree with.

Robert Penn Warren, in his book *Segregation: The Inner Conflict in the South,* has tried to detail the intellectual and moral rub within the minds and hearts of Southerners of good will. He ends

his book with an "interview with myself," and I shall borrow this format for my own ending.

Q. Would you call yourself an integrationist?

A. Not really. I believe in segregation in the same way that I believe in an aristocracy, but what I mean by these terms is not the popular meaning. I think the level of education could be raised considerably by a segregation by *intellect,* not by race. I don't want to see institutions like Little Rock Central High, which was one of the top thirty-eight high schools in the country, become a "blackboard jungle" like so many schools in the North. We've escaped that here, thank God, but if we go charging into desegregation with stars in our eyes, we'll have an even worse mess. Desegregation's got to come, but let's do a better job of it than they've done up there.

Q. What about racial amalgamation?

A. It doesn't bother me a hell of a lot. If two people are so much in love, they're willing to buck the odds involved in that sort of thing, you'd better not try to stop them. This whole business is relative, anyway. I have an uncle up there who tells me that people in North Dakota feel about the Indians the same way that Southerners feel about Negroes. On the other hand, I've got Cherokee blood and don't care who knows it; nobody in the South is ashamed of having Indian blood and most of them brag about it.

Q. Do you think the Northerners can tell us anything helpful about how to solve our problems?

A. Not a damn thing. If they knew how to solve anybody's problems, they wouldn't have labor troubles, racketeers, or Harlem. Their intentions are good, but they just don't know what they're talking about. And most of their politicians aren't at all interested in helping solve the problem; they just want a political issue. The Democrats dislike the South's influence in the party; the Republicans want to be able to run against Faubus. The press and the national publications like *Time* have been utterly irresponsible. Southern liberals might as well realize that they've got more in common with Herman Talmadge than they do with Mennen Williams.

Q. What is the greatest danger to the Southern liberal in this crisis?

A. The tendency to throw up his hands in disgust and despair and leave the South. *Here* is where the battle is being fought; here

is the only place that he can exercise any influence. A liberal in Dixie has a real concrete problem to deal with, real courses of action to follow; he has a chance to acquire the moral sinew that comes from being one of a stubborn minority fighting the resistance to change of a breaking-up society. A Southern liberal is like a front-line soldier; a Northern liberal is just a man making patriotic speeches back home. He can be *somebody* here; he can cast a shadow. Who wants to be just another liberal in New York?

Q. Do you think the liberal must play this role because in a breaking-up society he must learn to live with the Negro and teach others how to live with him in a new relationship?

A. He doesn't have to live with the Negro. Mere contact with somebody isn't living with him, although he should work to make that contact more amiable and tolerant on both sides. He can work with Negroes, play football with them, soldier with them, and go to school with them, but that doesn't really entail any necessity to *live* with them. His problem, and the South's, is living with himself.

Your Mind

By BARRY SPACKS

Your mind is your sight and the tides of your chest:
Endless wave of your breath, endless ease of your blood.
Your mind is whatever your flesh wants too much
To be tamed to a pedestal bearing your head
As benevolent despot, cool lord of the fete.
Your mind is the miniature tools of your ear,
Is the balancing act of the overused sole
Of your foot, is the buttocks that bring you the news
Of the chair, is the fingers that trick out the world.

A former teacher at Indiana University and the University of Florida, BARRY SPACKS is now a free-lance writer with "commercial stories (*Playboy*, etc.) for the stomach and a novel-in-progress and poems for the spirit."

Housing: The Northern Conscience and The American Dilemma

By CHESTER L. HUNT

■ In the midst of the struggle over the desegregation of schools in the South, attention is sometimes diverted from an almost equally intense conflict in the North, centering around the subject of housing segregation. In some Northern communities, such as Cicero, Illinois, mob violence has prevented Negro occupancy of dwelling quarters. In others, a large force of police has been required to maintain an uneasy truce. In most communities actual violence may be absent, but the surface calm merely conceals a constant and bitter struggle between Negroes seeking better housing and whites determined to maintain segregated neighborhoods.

While it is possible to point out similarities between the Southern conflict over schools and the Northern conflict over housing, these similarities are not perceived by the average Northerner. The Northern community does not regard conflict over housing integration as a battle for the preservation of a "way of life." Most Northerners deny that they believe in white supremacy, and are entirely willing to support integration in such fields as employment or public accommodations. Housing, they feel, is a different matter. Housing, they tell you, is not a matter of prejudice or discrimination, but an economic concern, a matter of dollars and cents. This is not an

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explanation which is altogether satisfying to the Northern conscience, and to Southerners it seems like an example of downright hypocrisy which illustrates the inconsistency and the naiveté of the North. The Southern attitude finds occasional expression in the threat of white citizens' councils to "get even" with Northern leaders by helping a Negro family to move into an upper-class white community.

This would seem to be the type of moral decision which Gunnar Myrdal was emphasizing when he wrote his book, *The American Dilemma.* Myrdal's thesis was that there was an inherent conflict in American life between the desire to maintain a system of segregation and discrimination and adherence to the democratic pattern enshrined in the guarantees of the Bill of Rights. Many Northerners would acknowledge this type of conflict, and their escape is to a higher realm than that of moral sentiments, namely, that of property values. The usual explanation for reluctance to admit Negroes to a white neighborhood is simply that this would be injurious to property values and certainly no American citizen could be expected to support any type of action which might have an unfavorable effect on the sales price of his home.

The Myth of Lower Prices

The theory that Negro occupancy impairs real estate prices is an article of faith with many citizens but one which rests on a dubious factual foundation. Perhaps the first indication that this was a questionable idea can be found in the activities of Oscar de Priest, the first Negro Congressman from Chicago, who was elected on the Republican ticket in 1928. Mr. de Priest was engaged in the real estate business and profited greatly by deliberately flouting the wisdom of conventional realtors. He observed that when a Negro family moved into a white neighborhood, the white residents fell into a panic and sold out at a loss, since it was thought that this type of "invasion" meant a decline in sales prices. De Priest would purchase property offered on a depressed market and then resell to Negro buyers at a price considerably in excess of that which had prevailed before the neighborhood change. The process made him a millionaire, but he later proved that he conformed to American traditions by losing his money in the stock market break of 1929.

De Priest's observations have been confirmed by so impeccable an organ as the *Review of the Society of Residential Appraisers*,[1] as well as in numerous other sources. Studies of mixed neighborhoods have indicated that the usual trend is a decline in value following the first Negro entry, which subsequently changes to an actual increase in sales price when most of the white residents have fled and the entire block is open to Negro occupants. This phenomenon is now so well known that the initial tendency for decline in value is tending to disappear, and although whites still leave, they now are inclined to feel that they should sell out at a profitable price. Other research indicates that Negroes do at least as well as whites in the care of property and in the repayment of mortgage loans.

This discrepancy between the popular idea of housing values and the reality of the market may lead to the thought that housing segregation is based on a "myth." Whites who leave a neighborhood after Negro buyers have made a purchase are sometimes classified as prejudiced or as irrational, since the fears of a decline in property values are usually not justified. Looked at from another standpoint, however, the actions of the white residents are quite rational. The white citizen is not only afraid of a decline in property values, but he is reluctant to continue living in a neighborhood which has assumed an all-Negro character. He may be willing to be a part of an integrated community, but his observation of similar situations in other areas has led him to the quite justifiable conclusion that usually the result of Negro entry is not integration but a complete change in the racial composition of the area. Few whites are willing to accept the complete reversal of the traditional racial position which would be true of the lone white resident in a predominantly Negro neighborhood.

In addition to change in the racial composition of the neighborhood, white residents have other fears which are not without foundation. One is that racial turnover may lead to a change in the type of residential land usage. In many large cities, the pressure for Negro housing is so great that the tendency to convert single-family dwellings to multiple units, at a greater net return to the owner, is very

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[1]Belden, Morgan, "Values in Transition Areas: Some New Concepts," *The Review of the Society of Residential Appraisers*, 18 (1952), pp. 5-10.

difficult to resist. Hence, a block of large single-family dwellings may become changed to an apartment or boarding house area with overcrowding and resulting depreciation in the entire neighborhood. This, in turn, will attract to the block people who differ not only in race, but also in social class. Lower social class in this case is apt to mean migrants from the rural South who are limited in education and income and ignorant of city customs.

Problem in the Schools

Pressures will also appear in the school situation. Allison Davis, University of Chicago social anthropologist, has documented the relation of school performance to social class position.[2] The midde and upper classes provide a "verbal" environment for the child in which he becomes familiar with the written word and in which he receives encouragement and support in meeting the academic standards of the school. The lower class family does not provide this kind of support for their children, and the result is a striking differential in school performance of the two groups. A large number of studies indicate that social class position and the resultant personality patterns play a major role in determining the progress of a student through the school system. While psychologists have been baffled by the difficulties involved in separating native intelligence from cultural influence, it is safe to say that we have no proof of *inherent* racial superiority or inferiority. Negroes are overly represented in the lower-class portion of the population, and thus have a larger number of children who tend to lower the academic standards of the school. Usually tests of educational achievement have shown that, while some Negro students rank in a very superior status, a very large proportion of Negro students is behind the average white student body. An indication of what may be expected was reported by the *Southern School News* in a "readiness for learning" test conducted in Dallas in 1953 for Grade One pupils,[3] which is presented in table form.

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[2]Davis, Allison, *Social-Class Influences Upon Learning* (Cambridge: Harvard University, 1948).

[3]A. D. Albright, "What are Standards?", *Southern School News*, Vol. IV, No. 12, (June, 1958), p. 1.

	Negro	*White*
Per cent in average grouping.....	18	32
Per cent in below average grouping.....	74	31
Per cent in above average grouping.....	8	37

Striking examples can be found of schools which have shifted from a white to a Negro constituency with the same building, same equipment, and the same teaching force, but with a drastic change in the attitude and performance of the students. Confronted with this situation, the rational "non-prejudiced" white property owner will feel that staying in a racially changing area will not only expose him to a loss of prestige by being a resident of a Negro neighborhood, but will also lower the educational standards of his children's schools and place his family in proximity with a population largely lower-class in character.

Under the circumstances, a move out to the suburbs might easily be viewed as obvious and justifiable. At least, this has been the reaction of a great many whites, so that white property owners, along with churches and other institutions which serve their needs, have sometimes made three or four moves from the center to the edge of the city. Detroit and Washington, D.C., offer striking examples of areas in the central city zone which in the last twenty years have received an inflow of Negroes and an outflow of white residents, so that the proportion of Negroes within the city limits is climbing, while the suburban areas remain overwhelmingly white.

While the reasons for the attitude of the white property owner may be entirely comprehensible, the effect of their actions is to create constant tension in the process of neighborhood change, and to work toward a segregation, not only of housing, but also of schools and other public facilities. Further, all Negroes find that their total supply of housing is limited, and for middle-class Negroes it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the ranch-style house in the suburbs which has become a major part of the American dream.

Motives for Integration

Many whites profess difficulty in understanding the shift of Negroes toward white areas and ask such questions as, "Don't they prefer to stay with their 'own people'?" Other whites suspect that

the whole thing is a dark plot engineered by the NAACP. It is true that many Negroes feel more at ease in a Negro neighborhood and that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is interested in the question of integrated housing. The shift to new residential areas, however, is neither an NAACP test case affair nor a deliberate attempt to increase interracial association. Negroes look for housing in white neighborhoods because that is where housing can be found. Traditional Negro areas are simply not large enough to contain an expanding Negro population.

Looking at the background of the situation, one will notice that sensitivity about housing segregation is a relatively new development in the North. Prior to World War I, Negroes in Northern communities comprised a very tiny minority of the population. Due to income limitations, most Negroes lived in the low-rent section in the central part of cities, but no great community concern was expressed when more prosperous Negroes moved to outlying areas. World War I brought a considerable migration of Negroes from South to North and a fear that sections of Northern cities might become entirely dominated by Negroes. It also brought in restrictive covenants in which whites agreed not to sell to non-Caucasians, as well as agreements by real estate boards to uphold the "homogeneous" character of neighborhoods. In spite of progress toward racial integration in other fields, housing segregation has been increasing in recent years.[4]

While these moves toward a segregated housing pattern may be traced to the Negro Northern migration, it might be argued with equal force that this same migration is undermining the forces which support a segregated housing market. Pressure for integrated housing comes from two sources: the increased total number of Negroes in Northern areas and a rise in Negro purchasing power. In 1900, ninety-five per cent of the Negro population lived in the South, mostly in rural areas. Today, forty-five per cent of the Negro population is found outside of the South, most of it in urban areas. Equally important is the rise in the economic standard of Negroes which has made a small, but significant, proportion of the Negro

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[4]Cowgill, Donald, "Trends in Residential Segregation of Non-Whites in American Cities, 1940-1950," *American Sociological Review*, 21: 43-47 F 56.

population able to compete with whites for the occupancy of middle-class housing. The Supreme Court decision of 1948, which held that restrictive covenants could not be enforced in the courts, simply gave legal recognition to a social reality. The growing Negro population which is climbing the economic ladder is bound to demand additional housing. Housing which appeals to Negroes will also appear desirable to whites, which means that either there will be integration in the housing market or a bitter struggle between whites and Negroes for the exclusive possession of particular areas.

Variations in Housing Problems

While there is a universal pattern of conflict over housing in the North, there is no set, rigid mold which applies equally to all Northern cities. The contrast is especially great between cities with a small Negro population and those in which Negroes form ten per cent or more of the populace. Cities in which Negroes form two to five per cent of the population have usually never developed a completely segregated district. In cities where they are a small minority, most Negroes may live in the slum areas near the center of town, but even here they are outnumbered by white residents, so that Negroes and whites live side by side, attend the same schools, and use the same business facilities.

In these cities the movement of a comparatively small number of middle-class Negroes to outlying areas does not result in a complete change in the racial composition of the district. Rather than moving out, the whites usually tend to remain in blocks in which from one to three Negro families have bought property. Studies in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and New Haven, Connecticut,[5] have shown that individual houses may move back and forth between white and Negro occupancy, and that although

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[5]Rose, Arnold M., Frank J. Atelsek and Lawrence R. MacDonald, "Neighborhood Reactions to Isolated Negro Residents," *American Sociological Review*, Vol. 18 (October 1953) pp. 497-507; Hunt, Chester L., *Integrated Housing in Kalamazoo* (Kalamazoo: W. E. Upjohn Institute for Community Research, 1959); Smith, Bulkeley, Jr., "The Reshuffling Phenomenon: A Pattern of Unsegregated Negroes," *American Sociological Review*, Vol. 24 (Feb. 1959) pp. 77-81.

conflict is frequently involved at the time of the initial move, the neighborhood is usually able to settle down to an adjustment to interracial living. For cities of this type, the main element of a housing program involving middle-class Negroes and whites is probably an educational campaign designed to calm the unreasonable fears of white residents. An essential part of such an educational campaign is to persuade the real estate interests to handle property on an economic rather than a racial basis.

Real estate dealers have often been castigated by opponents of housing segregation for their adherence to "homogeneous" communities. The National Real Estate Board at one time adopted a clause as a part of their code of ethics which branded as undesirable any attempt to introduce new racial elements into homogeneous housing districts. The clause has been rescinded by the national organization, but many local realtors continue to act on the basis of this philosophy. When approached by Negroes, they usually refuse to facilitate purchases in white residential areas.

This philosophy of the sacredness of homogeneity also lends itself to the activity known as "block busting." Once a Negro has secured a toehold in a block, the nature of the neighborhood is considered to have changed, and householders will find themselves frequently visited by real estate agents who urge them to sell at once to avoid the supposed possibility of a drop in property values in a neighborhood which is shifting to Negro occupany. Such activities, of course, make difficult the maintenance of a mixed neighborhood and promote the shift from white to Negro occupancy, once a beachhead has been established by a Negro "invader." In all fairness it should be added that real estate men have been uneasy about such practices and their desirability is a topic of conversation in practically every real estate board in Northern areas. Real estate men disclaim responsibility for segregated housing and claim that they are merely acting in terms of community sentiment and their customers' wishes. While this statement has a good deal of truth, it is a bit difficult to reconcile with the claim of the realtors to be a responsible professional group with a leading role in the maintenance of desirable housing standards.

In cities with a larger Negro population, the "natural" trend of the housing market would seem to lead toward a rather rigid

segregation. These cities have a Negro population advancing rapidly both in total number and in purchasing power. The demand for housing of any kind far exceeds the amount available, and once a block is entered by a Negro householder it shifts rapidly to all Negro occupancy. Indexes of racial concentration in these cities have been climbing since 1920, and this trend seems likely to continue unless arrested by techniques designed to promote integration.

Techniques of Integration

One method of change is that of legislation. This has probably had its greatest effect in the case of public housing. Racial patterns of public housing have been left up to the local communities, but enough communities have taken a stand for integration so that a significant number of public housing units are now operating on an integrated basis. Studies of integrated public housing have usually shown a high degree of acceptance by both races. Currently, however, the present state of high prosperity has highlighted a degree of socio-economic segregation in such projects which presents a problem in itself. To justify a housing subsidy, residence is restricted to those below a given income level. In the depression of the thirties, the low income group might approximate a cross section of the population. Today it is apt to consist of the personally or socially handicapped. Thus, the income restrictions are likely to select the recent migrants to the city, minority racial groups, the broken family, the unskilled worker, the physically handicapped, and the emotionally unstable.

The social problems which are accentuated in such a milieu may be alleviated by effective social work activity. The drawback here is that an effective program of social rehabilitation which develops responsible community leaders also facilitates income improvement, which removes such leaders from the housing project. Public housing has provided decent material housing for low income recipients, but it has increased the isolation of this group from the rest of the population. While the evidence that integration can be achieved in such a situation is heartening, it is hardly a pattern for the general urban population.

Legislative action in the sphere of private housing is more

difficult, although a sound legal basis would seem to be available, as indicated by a few cities which have prohibited discrimination in any housing aided by FHA or VA financing. It is too early to test the effectiveness of such legislation and it runs into the difficulty that the housing market is made up of many components, any one of which may effectively block a move toward racial integration. The Negro who is willing to risk hostile community sentiment must still find a contractor who is willing to build housing for integrated occupancy which can be sold through a friendly realtor and financed by a banker willing to waive racial restrictions on credit. Housing segregation in the past was supported by agreements such as restrictive covenants which were believed to have a legal standing. These covenants are no longer a factor, but many other barriers remain. Housing integration may be encouraged by legislation, but this will probably be a slow process and may produce disappointing results in the immediate future.

In several communities in the nation, neighborhood associations have arisen with the avowed aim of maintaining high housing standards in a mixed neighborhood and preventing the complete exodus of white residents.[6] These associations bring white and Negro residents together for joint planning and attempt to maintain housing standards, both through voluntary activity and through pressure on city building inspection departments. They try to maintain the morale of white residents by discouraging hasty sales and by endeavoring to facilitate some transfer of property to new white owners. The philosophy here is, of course, that the problem in a changing neighborhood is to persuade a nucleus of white residents to maintain their homes and to demonstrate that a mixed neighborhood can be a good place for members of both races to live. While the associations have had some success, they are engaged in a difficult undertaking, since they are going counter to the usual housing trends. Their activity requires a type of zealous devotion which is apt to wane as volunteer members become tired and begin to long for a

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[6]Sussman, Marvin B., "The Role of Neighborhood Associations in Private Housing for Racial Minorities," *The Journal of Social Issues*, Vol. XIII, No. 4 (1957) pp. 31-37.

"normal" community life. The neighborhood associations represent a hopeful grass roots approach to the problem, but they can hardly be completely successful in stemming the tide unless they are aided by other forces affecting urban real estate.

The most dramatic attack on segregated patterns has come with the deliberate building of new residential subdivisions designed for interracial occupancy. This is a venture into dangerous territory, since it is commonly assumed that integration is doomed from the start in a new development. Occasionally in an older section in an area of limited Negro demand, whites may be unable to sell their homes and a stable integrated neighborhood may develop. In the new development, however, it is thought that white purchasers would be deterred by the presence of Negroes from making an initial investment, and the best that the developer could hope for would be a segregated, all-Negro community.

The response of some developers has been to start subdivisions on a "quota" basis, in which a certain percentage of houses are held for Negro occupancy and the remainder sold to whites only. The problem of such developments is securing a sufficient number of white purchasers. Frequently, the developers started out with the idea that they would find the white purchasers from a group of "liberals" who did not share community sentiments about segregated housing. In actual practice, liberal sentiments seem to be a minor factor, and these developments have been successful insofar as they offered popular housing and good locations. The appeal has not been to racial tolerance so much as to housing bargains. A Philadelphia development mailed 31,000 pieces of literature to members of interacial organizations but found that only one out of six of their white purchasers belonged to such groups. Evidently, the existence of liberal sentiment is a rather feeble foundation for a successful integrated housing project and the sales appeal has to be made along the usual lines. Desirable location, convenient community facilities, and attractively priced housing in popular styles are essential for any kind of successful development. Given inducements of this type, the desire of average citizens to secure good housing at convenient locations is frequently sufficient to outweigh stereotypes about the unfortunate effects of mixed areas. Currently,

non-segregated developments are being sponsored in several areas and activity has so mounted that last spring a Chicago conference was called for the benefit of "integrated builders."

Race and Urban Renewal

Even a casual visitor to the larger Northern cities will be aware that the inner city is shifting from white to Negro occupancy. This shift and the turmoil which accompanies it is a racial problem, but it is also much more. Whites who are leaving these areas are fleeing not only Negro "invasion," but also overcrowding, old housing, heavy traffic, noise, and smoke. The movement to the suburbs may be accentuated by Negro entry, but it began before the sizeable migration of Negroes and would probably continue even if the in-migration to America's cities were all white in character.

The urban renewal programs have a double effect on this situation. The immediate effect is invidious to Negro housing, but the long-run effect may make possible a reversal of the trend to the suburbs and the maintenance of stable integrated communities. Most of the demolition of housing under the urban renewal programs occurs in areas with a high rate of Negro occupancy, usually in areas occupied by low-income residents. Such demolition means that Negro residents are forced to compete for housing in a racially restricted market where the supply has been decreased by the demolition activities. The immediate result would seem to be a tendency to expand into contiguous areas and to develop new slums. The Federal authorities are aware of this danger and ask the cities to make plans for the rehousing of all people whose homes have been destroyed, but they make no specifications as to whether this rehousing should be segregated or integrated in character. The question of relocation usually becomes a political issue in which many pressures operate to limit Negro housing to the smallest possible area.

On the other hand, if urban renewal can arrest the "blight" of downtown neighborhoods, it may make these neighborhoods more attractive to white and Negro alike. Middle-class residents in the suburbs who find inadequate schools, garbage, sanitation, and sewage facilities, plus the long ride back and forth to work, a disenchanting

experience may be expected to come back to neighborhoods which are more conveniently located and have the assurance of good prospects for the future. There is no chance, however, of persuading middle-class white residents to remain in an area which has become a Negro slum. There is at least a possibility that both whites and Negroes will be interested in clean and attractive neighborhoods close to big city conveniences.

When the Northern resident says, "I am not prejudiced, but . . ." he is really saying that his personal convictions uphold equal treatment for all races, but he finds this a costly principle to put into practice. Pressures for housing segregation come from the decay and blight which have attacked the neighborhoods of the inner city. The Negroes, being the newest migrants, are both most affected by this decay in housing facilities and are themselves regarded as the agents of housing deterioration. In the meantime, an increasing tide of Negro migrants comes to the Northern cities, crowding low priced housing beyond possible limits while a rising Negro middle class becomes bitter on finding that a society which prides itself on free enterprise is often not willing to allow the Negro to use his hard-won dollars to buy the house of his dreams. The Northern white would prefer to ignore these difficulties, but he can hardly continue to overlook the evidence of cancerous hypocrisy in government and business, riots in the streets, fires in overcrowded slums, and a developing bitterness which is destroying generations of interracial good will.

Housing segregation indeed involves a moral dilemma for the North, but this dilemma is not simply a choice between a professed belief in equality and the practice of segregation. These factors are involved, but the real issues go even deeper than democracy versus white supremacy. The major dilemma is a decision between the easy-going attitude of drift and indifference which leads to city blight or the acceptance of full responsibility for decent housing in the urban area. The moral acceptance of racial equality requires a difficult revolution of the spirit, but the reconstruction of our great cities will require an even more difficult revolution of the concept of citizenship based on the deliberate application of engineering and city planning to the problem of urban life.

Christmas Poem

By HAROLD WITT

The sky curves Mary's color, blue as faith,
the icy morning drips from raying roofs
and twigs of darkness tip with waterdrops.
A Christ warmth, manger-luminous, intrudes
its crèche of kindness on our night-cold thoughts
and there they are, the shepherds with their crooks,
the birth-splotched baby like a crying bandage,
accompanied by Handel and by Bach.

Almost, a gentle Joseph tenderly bends
like love above the mother and the son,
out of blue purities, white doves descend;
the robes of wise men drag through hay and mud.
And there is nearly, in the meaningful scene,
a mingling scent of winter and of myrrh,
even though shepherds, as in Bruegel's picture,
whisper behind their hands something obscene.

But doubtful knowledge lights time-misted Christmas—
we see how limp with labor Mary is,
and Joseph, shocked by birth and sleeplessness,
leans on the bloody straw, his head in his hands.
The air is thick, but not with frankincense—
the buzzing stable reeks of excrement,
no one adoring, or come to sympathize
where, small and human, hate doomed Jesus lies.

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Neither Ideology Nor Utopia: The New Deal in Retrospect

By HEINZ EULAU

■ The New Deal of Franklin D. Roosevelt, just as the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson before, and the Fair Deal of Harry Truman later, had its quota of ideologues, but was not an ideology; it had its following of true believers, but was not a chiliastic faith; it produced far-ranging reforms, but was not a crusade; it was rich in inventions, but was not an experiment; it mobilized huge majorities, but was not a revolt of the masses; it generated forceful national leadership, but was not a charismatic surrender. It is possible to see the New Deal as the fulfillment of the promise of American life—Herbert Croly's dream in the years before the first World War; or as an exercise in instrumental pragmatism which John Dewey had celebrated in the years following that war. But if it was the realization of the liberal promise or the application of the pragmatic philosophy, it was so by way of improvisation rather than design. All of these elements were present, but they do not express the dynamics of the New Deal. If it was anything, the New Deal between 1932 and 1940 was, simply and foremost, evidence of the viability of democratic politics in an age of crisis.

Ardently defended by its admirers, and bitterly denounced by its enemies, the New Deal came to make a lasting impression on the

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American experience—an impression, I venture to say, which in the long run can only be compared with the birth of the nation itself and the fratricidal blood-letting of the Civil War. The New Deal fascinated and continues to fascinate the national consciousness, not only because it was an intense and dramatic political episode, but also because it was, like the birth of the United States and the Civil War, a national event. By comparison, the earlier New Freedom and the later Fair Deal were merely incidents—the former a pale prospectus, the latter a faded postscript, to the politically most exciting period in American history.

Not an Ideology

Though the New Deal was non-ideological, this does not mean that it was anti-ideological. In fact, it was shot through with ideologies, or utopias, whichever emphasis one may prefer. Total planners and piecemeal planners, budget-balancers and deficit-spenders, trust-regulators and trust-busters, protectionists and free traders, "sound money" proponents and inflationists—all vied with each other under the hospitable tent that was the New Deal. Wall Street bankers, Midwest farmers, Harvard economists, Columbia lawyers, labor intellectuals, old-time progressives, new liberals, social workers—men of the Right, Left, and Middle—supplied ideas and programs, if not panaceas. Theories were welcome as they had never been welcome before; and never before, or thereafter, did so many blueprints of a better order reach the citadel of influence. Ideas were, indeed, the true coins of the realm.

But, for precisely these reasons, there was little of the ideological in the New Deal—if by ideology one means a coherent and consistent set of beliefs, values, opinions, and aspirations. To attempt to construct out of the welter of these beliefs and values, opinions and aspirations an internally congruent system of thought is to do violence to history and to the meaning of the New Deal. Not that such attempts have not been made, or will not be made in the future. But they can be made only at the risk of great distortion. For the New Deal was an ideologically much too elusive phenomenon to be squeezed into the convenient categories of ideological analysis. In fact, insofar as it responded to ideological pressures at all, the New

Deal was engaged in a continuous effort to disengage itself from ideological commitments.

The difficulty of ideological analysis is that it cannot easily free itself from the Aristotelian mode of thinking, with its neat and even aesthetically satisfying dichotomies. This is the mode of thought which pitches liberty against security, private property against public ownership, national regulation against decentralization, monopoly against competition. Granted, the New Deal emphasized the positive role of national government and strong federal action. But, granted too, the consequences of such action, as in the federal grants-in-aid programs, were an enormous expansion and strengthening of both state and municipal activities. Granted, the Tennessee Valley Authority represented as "socialist" an undertaking as had ever been devised in the United States. But, granted too, one of its consequences was the flowering of private enterprise in an area where previously it had great trouble flowering. Granted, the New Deal promoted social and economic security in manifold ways. But, granted too, it did not do so at the expense of liberty: there was hardly a period in American history in which public discussion of public issues and the freedom to speak freely had been practiced with as much abandon as under the New Deal. The New Deal simply defies ideological classification.

All this does not mean that the New Deal was not anchored in a cultural milieu of attitudes and predispositions which was congenial to its operation. This milieu was the liberal tradition in America. As Louis Hartz has suggested, in one sense the whole American political tradition is liberal. In this perspective, the New Deal, non-ideological though it was, was clearly an indication, if not a vindication, of liberalism. Without this tradition, there would have been no New Deal. But, in the American context, the liberal tradition as such has rarely been experienced as an ideology. Rather, it appears as a cultural fact which, like the air we breathe, is so close, so natural, so much a part of our daily life that we fail to notice it. The liberal tradition explains, I suspect, why its many contradictions and inconsistencies were "built in" New Deal programs, plans, and policies. For liberalism, unlike other isms, has never been a set of dogmas, but a state of mind. It represents an attitude which insists on questioning self-evident propositions, partly to find out what evidence

there is to support them, partly to discover possible alternatives. It follows that liberalism is not bound to any particular social or economic system. No wonder that so many different ideologues, theoreticians, administrators, and politicians could find the New Deal a congenial environment in which to work. Indeed, they shaped that environment. And the New Deal reflected, in varying degrees and at varying times, the varying enthusiasms and different approaches to the national problems.

Not a Faith

That the New Deal gave new hope to millions, that it brought new confidence into government, that it ultimately became a testament of national courage, there is little doubt. Where there had been drift, the New Deal offered mastery. Just as Hoover's "we are at the end of our string" had symbolized the old order, Roosevelt's "firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself" symbolized the new approach. But at no time did the New Deal assume that man does not live by bread alone. It generated fresh expectations in the hearts of people who had recently experienced little but misery, and a new spirit came about the land. But it was a hope and a spirit nourished not by promises and good intentions, but by governmental action. The New Deal was a reconfirmation of the old American assumption that action is its own reward. What the New Deal articulated was not a faith in a better morrow, but a call for action now.

And the people were captivated, not because they were asked to be true believers, but because action gave them a new sense of dignity. The dole had given them the minimum means of subsistence, and charity had made them loathe a humility to which they were not accustomed. Now they found their way into public works, conservation corps, rural settlements, and, as the economy began to grind again, back into jobs in industry, transportation, and commerce. They were grateful. But even if the New Deal had tried to take the role of the savior, it is doubtful that it could have saved many souls. What generated the new spirit that made the thirties so exciting was not government action alone. True, the government played a role it had never played in the lives of Americans before.

But what sustained the popular drive and confidence that came with the New Deal was the old faith that man can control his destiny—given the conditions that make action and self-help possible.

Much nonsense has been written to the effect that the New Deal made of Americans unthinking and faithful dependents of a "welfare state," so-called—a people which has lost initiative and entrusts its fate to the benevolence of an all-powerful government. The welfare state, it is alleged, is the new dispensation—man's reward on this earth for conformity and compliance based on faith and political suicide. But the New Deal was not a sacred mission; it was a most secular, indeed profane, manifestation of modern man's quest for security—not the security that comes from an anticipation of heavenly bliss, but the security that comes from an ability to make this earth one's home.

The New Deal, then, was not an "escape from freedom," a surrender of the intellectual faculties. Rather than calling for faith, it was an enormous educational effort. Perhaps never before in the history of the republic was it necessary to re-educate the preferences and redirect the energies of the people. Whatever one may wish to call it—propaganda or education—the American people were exposed to a flow of information about the activities of the government unexcelled in the past. And the people responded. There was new understanding of the difficulties besetting the nation, a new tolerance of innovations, and a new commitment to creative intelligence in politics. Rarely has there been so much knowledgeable participation of the people in public affairs. Letters poured into Washington, and the newspaper columns reflected popular interest. Rather than escaping from freedom, people once more had a genuine sense of being part of the governmental enterprise. Not submission to authority, but a lively feeling of one's efficacy, one's ability to influence the course of events, characterized the popular response. It has sometimes been said that if the New Deal had wanted to assume totalitarian forms, it could have done so without much difficulty—for people were ready to accept almost anything that would give them a better deal. Nothing could be further from reality. The New Deal was what it was and became what it became precisely because it did not promise a millenium, but confronted the American people with the harsh realities of the present, first at home, and then abroad.

Not a Crusade

To think of the New Deal as a unified program, a plan, or a policy is as mistaken as to think of it as a movement or a crusade. There were many programs and policies, and there was more than a movement. What made the New Deal the phenomenon it was—a new deal in American life, a fresh start—was not a zest for reform, but the need to respond to national problems as they were dictated by the exigencies of the moment, not as they may have been preconceived by reformers. Whatever preferences for reform may have motivated individual New Dealers as they found themselves in the seats of power and influence after the politically lean years of normalcy, the task at hand was to revive the economy, not to translate long-cherished proposals for reform into reality.

Reforms, of course, there were. Some were successful and became permanent features of American life. Industrial violence, long the scourge of labor-management relations, gave way to the peaceful method of collective bargaining. Unemployment and old-age insurance programs remedied long-standing ills among the socially and economically most disadvantaged sector of the population. Securities legislation brought discipline and responsibility into the disorderly state of banking and investment practices. But other reforms were doomed to failure. Rural resettlement was a temporary stop-gap and fell victim to its own idealism. The National Resources Planning Board never got off the ground. Other programs were conceived as self-liquidating and were liquidated, though some of them, like the Civilian Conservation Corps or Public Works Administration, left a rich heritage of national accomplishment. Still other programs represented *ad hoc* inventions to cope with pressing problems which had hardly been envisaged by the reformers. They were, in fact, determined efforts by the government to maintain the *status quo*. Programs such as agricultural adjustment or bank deposit insurance were acts not so much of reform as of preservation.

The one attempt made to conduct a crusade—the National Recovery Administration under Hugh Johnson—resembled more an Alice-in-Wonderland grotesque than a viable governmental structure and policy. NRA had important successes—abolishing child labor, setting maximum hours and minimum wages, removing

unfair trade practices, and so forth—which, once re-enacted after NRA's demise, became monuments of social progress. But, on the whole, NRA was a fiasco because it tried to do too much in too little time within a single institutional setting which, at its roots, sought to reconcile business regulation by business itself with protection of free-market mechanisms by the government. The effort often led to an atmosphere of histrionics much at variance with that kind of earnestness that is the hallmark of reform. The Blue Eagle campaign was more a circus, really, than a crusade, and few tears were shed when the whole enterprise was declared unconstitutional.

It is only in the perspective of history that the New Deal can possibly be conceived as a political or social movement. But even in this perspective, it was only a new phase, a most intensive phase, perhaps, forced by the great depression to heroic exertion, in the long-range national development which is the promise of American life. It was directly related—not only in ideas it shared, but also in some of its older personnel—to both the Square Deal and the New Freedom, to the historical trend to achieve Jeffersonian ends by Hamiltonian means. That the Square Deal had been Republican and the New Freedom Democratic made the national character of the New Deal all the more poignant. Of all the movements, so-called, in American history, the New Deal was truly national in scope, liberal in purpose, and effective in action.

Not an Experiment

The New Deal has come to be cited as the prize exhibit of the success of the experimental method in the making of public policy and the development of administrative techniques. The New Deal's willingness and capacity to chart new social and political paths is seen as an expression of John Dewey's philosophy of instrumentalism. But this interpretation represents a tendency to over-intellectualize the political process. It is more often in the nature of an apologia than of analysis. By calling anything new an "experiment," success of the experiment is heralded as proof of the uses of experimentation, while failure is explained away as inconsequential. The analogy between social efforts to create new alternatives and scientific experimentation ignores more than it explains. In fact, when the

metaphor becomes a myth, it may be detrimental to a genuine understanding of the New Deal.

Roosevelt himself gave credence to the experimental metaphor when he declared that what the country needed was "bold, persistent experimentation." Yet one may doubt that his call for experimentation was intended to make experimental pragmatism into a political formula. His notion hardly included the scientist's image of the carefully designed and controlled experiment. As he suggested, "it is common sense to take a method and try it; if it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But above all, try something." But an experiment is the very opposite of common sense. Quite clearly, Roosevelt's accent was less on the nature of the method used than on the injunction to "try something." Roosevelt was prepared to try things, not to test theoretical propositions or to follow hunches—his mind was much too untheoretical for that—but to meet urgent social needs and pressures. Indeed, many potential New Deal proposals never left the drafting boards, not because they might not have worked, but because they were politically unfeasible. And not a few others were prematurely terminated long before their success or failure could have been demonstrated.

Though the New Deal was not an experiment or a series of experiments, it was admittedly an experience in social inventiveness. There was, again in Roosevelt's words, no room for "foolish traditions." Innovation, not experiment, was the trade-mark of the New Deal. The proliferation of administrative agencies came with the suspicion that the old-line departments would not or could not aggressively pursue the new policies; balancing the budget no longer meant what it had traditionally meant—social values defied accounting in terms of dollars and cents, and it was the national economy, not the government budget, that was thought to be at stake; an agriculture of abundance was to be realized, paradoxically, through promoting programs of scarcity, like killing pigs and plowing under the crops which could not be marketed at adequate prices; and on the political front, from Roosevelt's personal appearance at the 1932 Chicago convention to his breaking of the two-term tradition eight years later, the New Deal defied conventions. Yet, it is interesting to note that in politics proper this proved most difficult, as the ill-

fated "court-packing plan" or the President's aborted attempt to influence the 1938 Democratic primaries demonstrated.

But, paradoxically too, the New Deal with all its inventions was in the great American political and social tradition. For that tradition meant innovation: free public lands, free religious worship, free public education, a chance at economic betterment and social mobility, a broad democratic franchise, and many other social gains had at first been innovations—inventions which at one time had made the difference between the Old World and the New. The New Deal was in the mainstream of that tradition, but again with a difference.

Not a Revolt

Easy comparison can be made between the New Deal's success in mobilizing great electoral majorities and the plebiscitary mirages performed by totalitarian regimes. Both, it has been claimed, represented that revolt of the masses which José Ortega y Gasset had so somberly described only a few years earlier. Increased popular participation in the most far-reaching decision a national community can make—the election of its government—has been said to be a sign not of social health, but of social tension; an index of cleavage rather than consensus; evidence of despair rather than creative involvement.

Whatever the veracity of this argument in regard to totalitarian mass behavior, it lacks relevance to the New Deal as a political event. The New Deal elections were not plebiscites, but hard-fought, free battles of the ballot. Even in the landslide election of 1936, almost seventeen million people, or about 38 per cent of the total electorate, voted for the Republican candidate. In spite of the personal attractiveness of the Democratic candidate, few campaigns in twentieth century America have been as genuinely democratic as the early New Deal elections. Although the press was predominantly anti-New Deal, rarely has there been so much discussion of the real issues facing the nation. What moved the New Deal majorities was not a sense of revolt, but a renewed spirit of confidence in the willingness and ability of the government to carry out the popular mandate.

In organizing its electoral majorities, the New Deal restructured the political map. Its political techniques were anything but the contrived plebiscitarian technology of mass manipulation. That the New Deal succeeded in harnessing to its wagon the forces of labor, the young as well as the old, the socially underprivileged ethnic groups, farmers as well as urbanites, former Republicans as well as former Socialists, was not the result of hidden persuasion or silent threat, but of its sensitivity to popular needs and demands. In doing so, the New Deal was an almost perfect system of political feedback. Rarely in a modern democracy has the politics of democracy been equally conducive to the strengthening of democracy as a viable political system.

Had the New Deal been an ideology, a faith, or a crusade, it might have been otherwise. But because it was none of these things, the New Deal could engage in its support the great electoral majorities which it needed in order to cope forcefully with the tasks of the nation. Nevertheless, impressive as the New Deal majorities were, it would be to simplify the situation if one elevated the New Deal into a flowering of the majoritarian principle as a "general will." The New Deal majority was, above all, a product of the political process as it had developed its particular flavor in the American culture. In the abstract, one might say that the majority demanded "something be done," or that it approved of what was done. Yet, that something was invariably done, sooner or later, does not mean that the majority, so-called, was agreed on what should be done, or that it endorsed what was done for the same reasons. To assume that the New Deal majorities were united in purposes and goals is not only naive, but incorrect. The New Deal majorities were, in reality, only evidence of the complex processes of group adjustment and compromise that had preceded the electoral majorities; proof that these processes were reasonably efficient in generating the electoral power that was needed to continue the processes of adjustment and compromise. Like all American majorities, the New Deal majorities were the products of a salient coalition politics, only more so. No ideological or militant politics, no revolt of the masses, could have been equally successful—at least not in a free democracy.

Not a Charisma

If ever the right man came to occupy the right office at the right time, Franklin D. Roosevelt was that man. Indeed, so close was the contemporary identification of New Deal and FDR, and so close does it continue to be in the perspective of history, that it is difficult to think of the one without the other. Both FDR's most devoted supporters and his most vociferous critics, as well as the historians of whatever persuasion, are agreed that it was the President who symbolized the New Deal. But to acknowledge that FDR was the chief architect of the New Deal, its most convincing spokesman, its forceful leader and also its most tangible target, is not to imply that he was a charismatic personality. Undoubtedly, there were people who ascribed to him the qualities of charisma—infallibility, omniscience, omnipotence. And some of his most bitter opponents were equally intent on seeing in him the very incarnation of the charismatic opportunist. But neither orientation is correct. FDR was unduly loved by some and unduly hated by others, but to the vast majority of the American people he was Mr. President—the legally chosen head of a government whose function it was to represent and execute the power of the nation in time of crisis. This role FDR was superbly fitted and able to carry out.

While it is facile to interpret the New Deal in terms of the President's role and personality, one wonders what FDR would have been like as chief executive without the New Deal? Was it because FDR was not an ideologue, a reformer, or a prophet that the New Deal was not an ideology, a faith, or a crusade for reform? Or was it because the New Deal was none of these things that FDR came to play the role he did? A categorical answer is impossible. The President's personality and the character of the New Deal, if it is permissible to speak of character, were admirably blended to produce the kind of strong governmental leadership which the nation required in the moment of crisis. But this makes it all the more necessary not to exaggerate, yet also not to minimize, the role of the President in the total configuration of the New Deal. Because the tendency to exaggerate has probably been the dominant one, it seems desirable to point to some less frequently noticed features of the New Deal's personnel.

While Roosevelt never allowed the impression to prevail that he was not boss and master of the situation, his effectiveness as a leader did not derive from an unqualified loyalty that he may have been able to exact from his "subordinates." Rather, it derived from his ability to allow his lieutenants enough free-wheeling initiative to work out programs and policies—and it was one of his favorite images to see himself as the quarterback who was merely called upon to call the signals. The forceful leadership provided by the New Deal was not just Roosevelt's, but truly the product of teamwork. Leadership under the New Deal was both concentrated, in the White House, and decentralized, in the many departments and agencies of the federal government, most of them headed by able men who themselves were leaders, not henchmen or yes-men.

Moreover, the spirit of leadership under the New Deal was not only pervasive in the executive branch, but also in the legislative branch, and, after the mandate of 1936, in the judicial branch as well. There has been a tendency to neglect the part played by Congress in providing political leadership. There were the "Hundred Days," it is true, when the new Congress had little choice but to go along with the President's "must" programs. But the New Deal Congresses were not simply "rubber-stamp" legislatures. They included men of vision, wisdom, and sagacity, progressives who often succeeded in moving the White House in directions in which it would not have moved on its own initiative. Similarly, once the Supreme Court—or rather two of its members, including the Chief Justice—had realized that it could not set itself up against the wishes of the great majority of the people and the popular President, it produced decisions which themselves were important ingredients of New Deal policies.

It is in this larger context of "collective leadership" shared by all the branches of the federal government that the President's role must be located. Economic policies and social programs came from many sources—braintrusters, interest groups, administrators, Congressmen, and Justices. It was Roosevelt's genius that he could pick men with ideas, and it was his glory that he encouraged ideas; it was his skill that he could articulate both popular needs and governmental responses; it was his confidence that he could transmit similar confidence to his associates; it was his power that he could

humor, persuade, and, if necessary, threaten those who sat on the sidelines; it was his personality that he could make charm and courage instruments of government; above all, it was his spirit that he could convey his own idealism to the people as well as those who worked with him and for him.

But Roosevelt was not an ideologue—for he did not work with theoretical preconceptions, but with presuppositions. He was not a prophet—for his faith was terrestrial, not celestial. He was not a crusader—for he did not do many things he might have done by way of reform. He was not an agitator—for he was not driven by frustration, but committed to the proposition that common problems are best solved by common efforts. He was not a charismatic leader—for his own self-image as a politician forbade a charismatic image to be held by others. Roosevelt was a politician who saw that the business of government was politics, and who came to the business of government as a politician.

A Mature Politics

If the New Deal was not an ideology, a faith, a crusade, an experiment, a revolt, or a charisma, what was it? In retrospect, what makes the New Deal so memorable, so significant an event in the history of the United States is that it is both a symbol and evidence of the nation's political maturity: its ability to solve its problems through politics rather than through ideology or violence. Politicians though they were, the Founding Fathers essentially distrusted politics. Whatever their real commitments, they believed in the cult of reason and natural law. In the Civil War, ideological intransigence—Lincoln, who came too late and passed away too early, excepted—underlined the poverty of politics, so largely responsible for both the violence and its unfortunate aftermath. By way of contrast, the New Deal was neither distrustful of politics nor poor in political strategies. If a commitment there was, it was a commitment to a mature politics.

A mature politics cannot afford to be either ideological or utopian. Ideologists and utopians are essentially apolitical. They are, in many respects, like children who are preoccupied almost exclusively with what they want when they want it, for whom their

little selves are the center of the cosmos. Preoccupied with their own diagnoses and therapies, ideologists and utopians are, paradoxically, "thoughtless" in the literal sense of the word—blind to the needs of others and unconcerned with the consequences of their self-centered aspirations for others. Responsibility is a concept alien to both children and ideologues alike. Maturity, on the other hand, is the capacity to respond to others without making the demands of the self the sole criterion of perception or behavior. Real and necessary as the demands of the mature person are, maturity involves recognition of the legitimate interests of others. A mature politics involves adjustment, compromise, integration. It can never be a purely ideological politics which exaggerates the importance of the self at the expense of the other, or which may even mean the destruction of the other.

The New Deal was a politics of maturity in this sense, for it brought to the problems it faced political, not ideological, solutions. This is often not understood by its ideological critics or ideological defenders. The very debate which the New Deal aroused, and continues to arouse, is the best evidence. The New Deal is "incomprehensible" to the ideologues of the Right and Left because it was so unideological, because it was not a "scheme" but a "deal" so different from the political solitaire which the ideologue likes to play. The New Deal was a search for acceptable solutions to problems rather than an imposition of preconceived solutions on problems. The ideologues and theoreticians were necessary to the New Deal, vital in its growth and development, but they could not be its conductors. Some were disgusted, others despaired, unable to fathom the rationale of a program which was no program and had no rationale that fitted their ideological preconceptions. Those who stayed with the New Deal—men as different in their interests as Harold Ickes, the old progressive, or Jesse Jones, the financier, or Henry Wallace, the Republican farmer—served the New Deal for what it was: not a return to an ideological yesteryear, or a road to a utopian tomorrow, but a political enterprise which harnessed political forces in the spirit of political maturity.

It was not so much a characteristic of the New Deal's political maturity that many ideas and interests found expression in the hurly-burly of politics, but that politics took these ideas and interests

seriously, that it encouraged their expression, that it took it for granted that these ideas and interests would clash, and that it was ready to give, but also to take away. The New Deal represented, on the level of national politics, a tough-mindedness that allowed for little ideological self-indulgence. Ideological thinking, however camouflaged, is tender-minded because it is self-indulgent. But in politics self-indulgence means bargaining from a position of weakness rather than strength. It represents an escape from a politics of maturity, not a recognition of the potentialities as well as limitations of political life. The New Deal was politically tough and mature, for it accepted the limits of the possible.

Too much emphasis has been placed on the role of the "brain trust" and the intellectuals who joined the New Deal. That they played an enormous and desirable role in orienting the public policies of the New Deal cannot be denied. But to assume that they operated with the single-mindedness of an idealized high command is to ignore the great diversity of backgrounds and opinions that they brought to bear on the common effort. Rarely did New Deal measures represent a clear-cut ideological preference. Programs were proposed, adjustments were made, compromises were negotiated, and the new syntheses only remotely resembled the original proposals. The New Deal was a governmental process which reflected the necessities and obstacles of a mature democratic politics.

Only when the shadow of war had become a spectre worse than depression, and when the New Deal had remedied much of what sickened American life, did politics give way to defense and apologia as well as to surrender of the political imagination. There appeared the bandwagon mentality—what Morris Cohen has called "the vile habit of thinking that the latest is always the best"—and the convenient belief that present trends will continue indefinitely into the future. It was then that the New Deal tended to become an affair of pronunciamento and magic formula. But this, in fact, meant the end of the New Deal. Yet it is against this later phase that the New Deal can be best assessed—as a flowering of sensitivity to the paradoxes, ambiguities, complications, compromises, and adventures of politics. To live with these characteristics, not only to tolerate them but to thrive on them, was the mark of that political maturity which distinguished the New Deal as a national event.

Main Street, South

By NOLAN MILLER

THE HY-OAK SERVICE COMPANY

Gas, Oil, Tires—Flats Fixed

■ Quiet here? It's feeding time, that's why—a kind of quiet we could use *all* the time.

Ask Elmer. For anything, if there's no answer, he can make up an answer. His duties at the pumps allow windshield-wiping, water and oil checks, and brush-outs. A sudden smile white in the brown shine is as cheap as nothing but can earn him tips. And especially from Yankees. Any color Yankees.

An up-North colored man come down South, it's just like giving directions don't help him none. He still got to know, more exactly, *how* he is where he is.

Well, let's see. You want a feed and wants it comfortable. Take the Rosebud. That's stand-up or take, like always. But the Palace'll give you a table. That's right. Palace Eats. Right across from the Courthouse. They tell me nobody can eat better.

THE ROSEBUD CAFE

6% Beer—Real Mexican Chili

Tables for Ladies

NOLAN MILLER, Professor of English at Antioch College, is book editor of the *Antioch Review* and editor of *New Campus Writing*. His last story on these pages, "A New Life," in the Summer, 1956, issue, was reprinted in *Prize Stories 1957, The O. Henry Awards.*

Night before it happened, the word around town was it could happen, the test. Rumor just marks time so long.

"I see 'em gatherin'," Marie said to the boss and Ross looked across the street to Koop's Drugs, a group, a little crowd there by five-thirty.

"Well, it's no mob," Ross said. "Six or seven."

"You recognize any their faces?"

"They don't dare have faces," Ross said, "the bastards."

Marie caught her breath, got the sign made, scrawled on a brown paper bag, by the time Ross had reached the door. "Get a move on. They're coming." Ross turned the lock and Marie was so tensed up she felt like to cry.

"Get a law!" Ross hollered through the glass. A law, then let the Supreme Court, like in Washington and all, make a law like for the poor dumb school kids. "No legal right I got to serve you," Ross yelled. "I'm closed. See the sign? If I'm open, I'm open, but when I'm closed, I'm closed to everybody."

Christ, they try to get you, one way or another. Cockroach in the wheatcakes, you get a goosing from the Board of Health. Some jackass gets up and shuffles to the jukebox and it's called entertainment so you lose your beer license. What a racket. What a sucker a guy is to want to make a living, this racket.

"Oh, oh, they're headin' for the Palace," Marie said.

"Let 'em," Ross said. "And let Fred Grome lock his door, too, or they won't be nobody left doin' business on Main Street."

"Looks like they's goin' in," Marie said.

"No they ain't."

"They's goin' in, all right," Marie said. "Nobody's stopping 'em."

THE BEACON-LEADER

G. G. McVittie, Publisher

Make any difference whose hand it was threw that brick through Ross's plate glass window? That don't let the pure air in, say Ross wants the air in the Rosebud the way he's always wanted it. Let them throw a brick, black hand or white. Plate glass insurance. That covers it. But let 'em try to take out insurance against my editorials.

Let 'em say, all they want is the news. O.K. But today's news isn't yesterday's. Never was. Same thing, tomorrow's news isn't today's. Never will be.

The Bastille wasn't torn down by a mob. That old Bastille was beginning to shake at the foundations the minute some guy got the idea in his head that some day it'd have to go.

I'm just telling you, this is our thinking time, and we got a long spell of it still ahead. And there isn't any action, any brickbat, or mob that right now has more force than a flea with a baseball bat.

Just read the news. Keep up. You'll *be* up, then, when the time comes. And if you don't like the news, read history.

KOOP'S DRUGS

Fountain, Patent Medicines, Sundries

Elma's feeling is she keeps out of it. Mr. Koop pays his money, she gives her eight hours. The jigs come in here just the same after school. How they changed just because a handful's now in the white high school? So you let 'em use the stools? That change 'em white?

Mr. Koop still don't raise his voice. "Cherry coke? Cherry coke coming up!"

But it's stand at the back, not at the fountain. After school the rush is like always. Comic books get worn out just as fast. Maybe there's a little more carry-out traffic with pop- and fudge-sicles. Talk's the same, back and forth.

Even white kids go stand in back. It's always been just kids alike with talk about basketball. White kids *admire* the jigs. *They* got the champion teams. *They* got the stars. Hear about any one of 'em getting a scholarship, up North, of course, it's one of them.

The fat-back of Elma's nylons shines. Lean over, honey. She came up the street, first time for a full-time job, it was here at Koop's Drugs, steady. Was flunking out at Jefferson, anyway. Algebra is *hard*. A white school, *all* white, you need to have brains.

Elma grins, grinds her double-mint. Ugh, ice cream makes you sick, sticky and sweet the way it is. . . .

She just keeps her mind off it. Her job is a job.

FIRESIDE APPLIANCES

Pep Walter, Prop.

Hunt for a fuss and you always find it, Pep notes. Wears his hat in the shop. Glasses scotch-taped. He paces. All the time so all-fired busy.

Mrs. Alkenmeyer on the telephone. Sure, ma'am, you want that special copper-toned model. Shipment's in, I'll give you fast notice.

In a way, it's no fun. Nobody's got to *sell* any more. Not that I complain, there's so much money loose. Shut my big mouth, but just give us a little depression, it could be a good thing. You'd see You Know Who fall back into line.

Now, those Fan-El people moving into town. Along with the new air-freight depot. So everything's perked up.

Easy come, easy go. And we're still spoiling for a boom in a boom.

It's credit that's the real trouble. And I admit I started it, same as credit to anybody, just so's they got a job, I didn't see it was crazy to start credit for *them*. Good for business. But listen to me! I'm even saying business is *too* good for business' sake!

THE PLAYTIME THEATER

People remember there's always been this rope at the Playtime. Because we got no balcony. Because our last six rows is about the best seats in the house.

Never in the history of this theater has anybody never said those rear seats aren't just the same as the others, even handier to the corn machine. And never did anybody register a complaint.

The point to make here and now is we got no rope *now*. Because it came up missing. It's neither here nor there, but it's *stayed* missing just because the college kids from over to Greenhill cut it up, cut it up in pieces and snuck it out. They auctioned it off, they had this campaign for a scholarship fund, and there was bidding for our rope, piece by piece.

Policy? We don't have any change in policy. Rope or no, people take seats where they like, only it goes to show, people used to things as they always been, they go right on as before. Our colored friends like best those seats at the back, and any whites there, they're from

over to Greenhill, the college kids. It's just neckers' heaven, that's all. But for most everybody, it's the picture they come for. Isn't that the main attraction? Movies are better than ever.

SANDOW'S BARBER SHOP

Let sleeping dogs lie, says Joe. *Life, Look, Sports Illustrated* in neat stacks. Clippers and shears in the chromium-plated sterilizers. Regular haircuts $1, flat-tops $1.25.

Don't everybody figure the start of all this trouble? After the war the G.I.'s, some of 'em like in that bunch, the AVC, they had to make out how different they was from the Legion. There was Ken Herily. I always knowed Ken, liked his father. But Ken's just got to be different, so he wouldn't go along with us—called us old-timers—in the Legion. I ask you, a vet's a vet, ain't he?

Ken gets active in the AVC, gets the nigger vets het up about their right to join something. Sure. I recognize Ken come in here, give me a talk, only I told him, "Ken," I said, "this is my place of business, I don't talk politics here." And he says it ain't politics. Rights, he called it. Said they had a committee. Said they was getting the advice of this lawer, this Yankee feller.

Seems what he's getting at is rights about how I run my business, so what I said to Ken, I can say to anybody, this is a free country. Means *everybody's* free, the way I look at it. I cut a man's hair, I cut it. I don't want to, I don't have to. See?

Ken didn't give me no argument to that, I give him credit.

But what he up and did, him and his committee, they go and get this nigger barber hired, set him up in a place of his own over on Front Street. And now that's where Ken and his *committee* get service.

Here's the issue. Ken and them, they got an organization, and I'm just an independent businessman. Oh, sure, I got the Legion. We're *active*. But we're *for* things, not against—just to be against, like, for being against's sake.

Let sleeping dogs lie. The status quo is the status quo. See? That don't need to be organized. That's *always* been. That always *is*.

JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL
Mabel Udine, Teacher

The younger teachers just don't understand. I know. I represent the older generation: experience. I respect tradition.

No, no, no. I can't shirk the task ahead. But there's still respect—and discipline—in school or out. "Deserve dignity." That's what I tell my boys and girls.

There's bound to be incidents. Meanwhile, at first, there's just so much *awkwardness*. We got to learn how to act.

I'm grateful I'll be retiring after two years. And meanwhile, I'm spared. It'll be a long, long time, I imagine, until these young colored folks get it into their heads that they'll have to have Latin.

THE RED FRONT FIVE AND TEN
Abilene Frick, Clerk

Not that I care. There's other jobs. I must say, though, Mr. Graham—he's the district supervisor—has been honest and plain-spoken about how the situation is and everything. The company's been having it rough getting help, girls who'll only stand around to lean on the counters.

I don't care myself. It's killing on your feet all day. But with all the girls grumbling about the help being mixed, it's getting hard on my head.

Other day, I piped up, "What's so terrible, working alongside a colored?" And boy! Did I get what-for. Agnes Browhead's even stopped speaking to me.

Well, think of how *they* feel. What if you have to take it, being said "no" to, just because of your skin? That's all it is. Honest, I'm beginning to think so. That's all there is to it, and why should I quit, like the other girls say they're going to quit? In a body.

I almost got my mind made up I'm going to go to one of those Race Relations Committee meetings. They're just getting started, some of the young teachers from the school, and even Fred Grome, I hear he's supporting them. Yes, I think I'll go. It might make me feel like I was trying to do something. Maybe it'd make me feel a little *whiter*. Maybe that's what it's for.

THE PALACE EATS
Steaks, Chops,
Short Orders

Fred Grome scared? *Running* scared? Fattest man in town, next to Ross at the Rosebud. Living proof of our good cookin', it don't look like we *could* run.

Anyway, finally, Ross put himself on his feet and got up the gumption to pay his competitor a visit. Here in my place.

"I been expecting you," I said.

"Expecting what I got to say?" Ross said, and I give him my hand, but he wouldn't take it.

Baby-face Ross. He looks mad, he's got an extra chin. I come around from behind the cash register and we stand up to each other, belly to belly, like a couple goddamned funnies from the funny-papers.

"Mr. Fred Grome," Ross says, "how come you decided to back down?"

"Who's backing down? I'm just taking a step forward, and I take any step, forward or backwards, I go where I'm lookin'."

"Either you're sticking with the other businessmen in this town or you ain't," Ross says. "You don't stick with us, you got to stand alone."

"So what does that mean? I get my trade, as much as before, maybe more. You're the one alone, Ross, your sign up, closed to some, and the size of it, you got to keep closed to all."

"You got to have guts to stick it out."

"Empty guts," I points out. "You eat alone in this business and soon you got no business, so you don't eat. That's all you got to be afraid of."

"I'm not afraid to be afraid."

"Maybe not in your head," I says and give him a tap on the button, "but wait until you start getting afraid in your belly. That's where it'll hurt."

He don't understand me. He hauls off with a punch, but it's wide of any mark. He hauls at me again, only it's just a swipe past my left ear. He's all stirred up and excited. I always hated fights, but I got to take the risk.

"Go on," I keep saying to him. "Hit and miss. Hit and miss. It's no good.

He knows it's no good. He can't fight me. And the reason is, he can't fight *it*.

"Go back to your place," I tell him while he's catching his breath, "and get yourself a shot. That's all that'll help."

"You'll never join me."

"I'm not so partial to your brand."

"I'm not partial to *your* brand," Ross says.

"Go get Marie to fix you up with a nice filet out of your refrigerator. Eat well—so long as you got it."

"I aim to."

"See you make a nice mushroom sauce for it—the best. Or fix a nice gravy with onions. And shake up some good French dressing with imported Roquefort. All the best."

"Why not?"

"Sure, why not. The best is best. You like the best."

"Why not?"

"The best when you're earning it and enjoying it. When we're all earning, we're enjoying we're living, and when we're through living and enjoying we're all dead."

That got through and I touched Ross on the belly again. I dared. And this time he didn't feel like swinging. He just backed away with a slow baby-faced stare.

"Go on. Go back to your place. Have yourself a big cut of cocoanut cream pie for dessert. So long as you don't have to keep back none for the customers, why not?"

Let's get some brains in our bellies. That's what I meant. Any thinking has to be done, think there. Because that's where the fear is. And that's where some brains can do some good, for me, for Ross, for everybody.

The evening rush over, I'll stop around at the Rosebud. He'll be open, I bet. I'll have me a beer, if not with Ross, by myself. Like anybody else. No hard feelings. Ross with his license, he can sell me a beer, and like anybody else, I figure to buy what I feel like I want.

War Story

By GEORGE STARBUCK

The 4th of July he stormed a nest.
He won a ribbon but lost his chest.
We threw his arms across the rest
    And kneed him in the chin.
    (You knee them in the chin
    To drive the dog-tag in.)

The 5th of July the Chaplain wrote.
It wasn't much; I needn't quote.
The widow lay on her davenport
    Letting the news sink in.
    (Since April she had been
    Letting the news sink in.)

The 6th of July the Captain stank.
They had us pinned from either flank.
With all respect to the dead and rank
    We wished he was dug in.
    (I mean to save your skin
    It says to get dug in.)

The word when it came was three days old.
Lieutenant Jones brought marigolds.
The widow got out the Captain's Olds
    And took him for a spin.
    (A faster-than-ever spin:
    Down to the Lake, and in.)

GEORGE STARBUCK, whose collection of poems is scheduled for March publication, is an editor for Houghton Mifflin.

Reflections on the End of an Era

By IRWIN ABRAMS

The famous debate as to whether the end of the nineteenth century should be celebrated in December of 1899 or of 1900 has small interest for historians. In today's history books the nineteenth century runs on until 1914. That was when the world left the period called variously "the century of progress," "the liberal era," or "the bourgeois century" and entered the Time of Troubles in which we still dwell.

It is with this crucial year that the two books under consideration[1] are concerned. Cameron attempts an impressionistic portrait, seeking to show how the events of 1914, great and small, struck the average man. He limits himself to surface impressions, but he is a polished writer and skillfully evokes the past. He takes us to the Hippodrome and the prize-fights as well as to the trenches, although he spends rather too much time with the captains and the kings. We read nostalgically of the era that was coming to an end, of a British foreign minister who had never travelled abroad until the ninth year of his appointment, of a heavyweight title bout between two Europeans, of a time when Parisians still patronized the Folies Bergère.

It was on June 28, 1914, that this old world ended, with the bang of the bullet which killed the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary in the Balkan town of Sarajevo. Professor Remak has investigated this event with the equipment of the trained historian and described it with all the art of the story-teller. We follow the plot to assassinate Francis Ferdinand with gripping interest from its very inception. All too rarely can a good history book compete in suspense with a whodunit. Of course, Remak's subject is ready-made for such treatment. Some years ago the Australian writer Bruno Brehm wove an excellent historical novel from the same materials, using a pattern very similar to the one Remak has devised and following historical fact closely enough to draw plaudits from historians.

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[1] *1914*. By James Cameron. Rinehart and Co., 1959. $3.95. *Sarajevo. The Story of a Political Murder*. By Joachim Remak. Criterion Books, 1959. $5.00.

It has been no mean feat to disentangle the story of the conspiracy. During the investigation and the trial the young assassins did all they could to confuse the Austrian investigators. By concealing their Belgrade sources of inspiration and assistance, they sought to make their act appear entirely as that of disaffected Austrian subjects. With this effort the Serbian government of the time was glad to co-operate, nor have its successors ever been willing to open up the official archives to the scholar, something which all other governments involved in this 1914 crisis have done. This has not only complicated Remak's researches; it has also made it possible for latter-day apologists of Serbia like the British historian A.J.P. Taylor to charge that in the absence of absolute proof Remak has twisted the evidence to find Serbia guilty.

Only in two respects, however, does it appear that Remak goes beyond his evidence, and neither of these is basic to the case against Serbia. Remak indicts as the real author of the murder Colonel Dragutin Dmitriejevic, the head of military intelligence for the Serb general staff and the leading spirit of the secret Pan-Serb terrorist organization, the Black Hand. This conclusion is based upon a document which historians have been reluctant to accept. Nor would scholars agree with Remak that Archduke Francis Ferdinand was selected as the victim because his reform plan would leave Hapsburg's Slavs content to live within the Dual Monarchy and thus block the aspirations of the Pan-Serbs. The Archduke's program was not so clear. It was enough for practitioners of political terrorism that this representative of "Hapsburg oppression" was coming within range, and the careless planning which brought him to "unredeemed Serbia" on the very day when Serb patriots everywhere were mourning the historic defeat by the Turks could only strengthen the determination of the plotters. It was Francis Ferdinand the symbol, not Francis Ferdinand the man, whom they killed. Remak tells us how grieved the assassins were at the trial to learn that their victim was a father and how shaken they were to hear his last words to his mortally wounded wife, "Sophie dear! Don't die! Stay alive for our children."

Whoever it was who selected the victim and planned the murder, it is clear that the conspiracy was hatched in Belgrade and that Princip and the other Austrian subjects who carried it out received from the Black Hand if not their orders, everything else they needed: money, weapons, assistance in crossing the border illegally, even half-price train tickets. Serb government officials knew of the plot and took half-hearted and ineffective measures to warn Vienna and to stop the conspirators at the frontier. It was with the connivance of Serb officials that one of the suspects conveniently disappeared in Serbia.

The real extent to which Serb officials were involved might have been suspected by the Austrians, but they never had the proof that Remak assembles. What they could be certain about, however, was that the assassination was a product of the Pan-Serb movement centered in Belgrade and that this Serb irredentism constituted a life danger to the Dual Monarchy. Austria-Hungary was made up of many nationalities, and if its Serbs were encouraged to agitate for secession, other nationalities would follow suit, and soon centrifugal forces would tear the realm apart. The Vienna government therefore decided to end the Pan-Serb threat once and for all by using the occasion to pick a fight with its hostile little neighbor. An ultimatum designed to be unacceptable was sent to Serbia, with war to follow upon its rejection. The Serbs accepted more of the demands than Vienna had anticipated, but they refused to admit Austrian officials to assist in running to earth the leaders of the subversive movement against the Hapsburg monarchy. Not only would this have been inconsistent with Serbia's national sovereignty—the reason they gave—but such an investigation would have brought the Austrians uncomfortably close to persons of high position in Belgrade.

The Austro-Serb conflict brought Russian intervention and an international crisis which erupted into war. Cameron traces the diplomatic developments, but his whole book is written from the vantage point of Britain and his interpretation of the policy of the Central Powers is very insular indeed. He pictures Germany welcoming a general war and promising support to Austria since the Serb issue "was a good issue, from every point of view . . . a *casus belli* [which] could hardly, in the circumstances, be bettered."

This sounds like the Versailles verdict of German guilt. Once few historians would defend it, but such is the influence of the present upon the past that when Germany actually started a war in 1939 the old indictment was resurrected and has even gained adherents among scholars. To this reviewer, however, it appears that if the Germans erred, it was not because they knew what they were doing, as Cameron suggests, but because they did not know what they were doing. There is no evidence that they wanted war, and there is much to support the view that they were quite unaware of the fateful consequences of the blank check which they gave their ally. When they did come to realize it and frantically tried to hold Austria back, it was too late.

It can be argued that it was in St. Petersburg, not in Berlin or Vienna, where the crucial decision was made which turned the Balkan crisis into a European war. And while the policy of the Central Powers was based upon consideration for Austria's self-preservation, Russia's support for

Serbia was given for reasons of prestige and power. Moreover, while the Russian statesmen were deciding to risk war in order to protect the little Slav brother and to maintain the balance of power in the Balkans, riots in the capital which had to be suppressed by the Cossacks gave a clearer indication of where the country's real interest lay. Even if Russia's benighted leaders could not see the need for social justice in the factories and the mines and greater participation of all classes in the political institutions, they might at least have paid some attention to the events of 1905 which showed that the empire's social structure was not likely to be able to stand the strain of modern war.

But once the Russians decided to mobilize, the die was cast. Military considerations now more and more took precedence over political considerations. The Germans were faced with a two-front war which they could win only by finishing off France before Russia had completed her mobilization. And the only way they saw to defeat France rapidly was by sending their armies through neutral Belgium.

As Cameron's pages make abundantly clear, no move could have been better calculated to weld together British idealism and self-interest in support of intervention than the German invasion of Belgium. The British had no alliance with France, and their moral commitments were not known to the British public. Cabinet and people had both been divided. Now, as Premier Asquith wrote in his diary, "This simplifies matters." With the violation of Belgian neutrality, the people could unite behind a war for the maintenance of international agreements. George Bernard Shaw with his nasty habit of calling a spade a spade only made himself unpopular by declaring it a war for the maintenance of the balance of power. In this connection, two editorials Cameron cites from the *Daily News* and the *Manchester Guardian* make interesting reading today. They warned that if Britain fought with Russia to maintain the balance of power against Germany, it might turn out at the end that she had only substituted Russian for German dominion of the continent.

Implicit in such reflections about the July crisis is the assumption that the story might have been different. Many interpreters of these events would protest that such forces as nationalism, imperialism, and power politics irresistibly pushed the weary and desperate statesman into war despite themselves, that the First World War was bound to take place, like the Trojan War in Giraudoux's play. Such a view is quite consistent with a prevalent feeling today that the individual is helpless in the face of mighty impersonal forces, but it can be challenged.

A European war seemed a long way off in that hot summer of 1914. Cameron notes British complacency, but he does not sufficiently stress

the fact that the international scene was unusually quiet. The recent difficulties of the Balkan Wars had been surmounted, and certain long-standing differences among the Great Powers were being resolved. For the first time in forty years the President of France saw fit to dine at the German embassy in Paris. The newly elected French Chamber was expected to reduce the period of military service. Britain and Germany were moving toward a naval understanding and were about to sign an agreement on certain colonial matters. Their commercial rivalry was lessening, and the troublesome question of the Berlin-to-Baghdad railroad was being settled. The peace societies, elated at the success of Secretary of State Bryan's arbitration treaties, were looking forward with high hopes to the international peace congress to be held in Vienna.

It was this calm which was shattered by Princip's bullet and its consequences. And how close he came to missing his target! Remak takes full account of the many points at which all might have happened otherwise: Francis Ferdinand almost decided against the trip to Bosnia. Once he had witnessed the military maneuvers, he was almost persuaded to leave for home without making the scheduled public appearance in Sarajevo. There seven assassins lay in wait for him, but only two made the attempt. Proper security measures could easily have thwarted them. Cabrinovic threw his bomb in the morning and missed. Then, late in the day, by the greatest stroke of ill luck, the Archduke's chauffeur was not informed of the decision to take an alternate route through the city to avoid the crowd. Had he been given new orders, none of the assassins would have had another opportunity. But the chauffeur started down the old route, along which the conspirators had placed themselves, and when told of the error, he stopped to turn the car around just a few feet from the waiting Princip.

Even after the murder, an Austro-Serb crisis would not have developed if the ties of the conspirators with Belgrade had not been exposed. They carried poison to take immediately after their attempt, but it only made them ill. As it was, the police only stumbled by accident upon the connection with Belgrade. For that matter, if the bungling Austrian investigators had discovered the truth about Serbia's involvement in the affair, Austria-Hungary could have presented a case to the world which would have justified the severest action. But the file on the *Black Hand* in the Vienna archives, which Remak located, was out of date and composed mostly of newspaper clippings.

One could go on. Remak tells, for example, how the malice of the noble in charge of Austrian court functions prevented the holding of a state funeral for Francis Ferdinand to which all of Europe's royalty

would have come, and so an opportunity was missed for an informal summit conference at which political understandings might have been reached. There were a number of other times at which the moving finger might have written differently. But the saddest words in the language are "might have been."

Even if the war had been avoided, would the nineteenth century have come to an end? "Fretful and uneasy," writes Cameron, "urgent, disputatious and challenging, passionately aware of its own unorthodox destiny, the world of the arts and the creative mind had, even before the war, somehow anticipated war's disintegration of values, its canonization of violence." Cameron tells of the controversy over Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," of the emergence of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, of Picasso and the Fauves, of the Futurists in music and literature. He mentions Einstein and Freud, without, however, indicating how each in his own way was undermining the comfortable well-ordered nineteenth century cosmology. Nor does Cameron do justice to the speeding up of life after 1900. There was a nervousness, a sense of excitement in the air which informed more than the world of the arts. A certain vulgarization in public life reflected the rise of the urban masses. New values were emerging, to be sure, but did they have to be born in violence?

Two collectivistic ideologies were competing for the emotional loyalties of mass man, nationalism and socialism, and within each there was both a liberal, humanitarian tradition and a hard-bitten, exclusive, end-justifies-the-means tradition. Nationalism had its Mazzini, but also its Treitschke and its Barrès. Socialism had its Jean Jaurès as well as its Lenin. Was it not the war which ensured the victory of the extremists? Symbolically, it was the fanatical nationalist Princip whose bullet precipitated the world conflict, and one of the first victims to the violent forces now to be let loose was Jaurès, murdered during the July crisis by an ultra-patriot in Paris. And the war which overturned the tsarist autocracy also swept away Russia's moderate revolution and left in power a new autocracy headed by Lenin.

In the Atlantic Community the new forces worked themselves out within the existing social fabric. The less stable societies of central and eastern Europe were deprived of the chance to transform themselves peacefully when the war thrust them into violent paths. Three items in the historical account come to mind: Benito Mussolini, a socialist editor in 1914, acclaiming the murders of June 28: "Hail to the gun of Princip and to the bomb of Cabrinovic"; Adolf Hitler, after his ill-fated struggle with the alien bourgeois society, greeting the news of the war's outbreak, as he tells us in *Mein Kampf:* "I am not ashamed today to say that, over-

whelmed by impassionate enthusiasm, I had fallen on my knees and thanked Heaven out of my overflowing heart . . ."; Lenin writing to a comrade not long before this that an imperialist war was just what the revolutionary movement needed, but unfortunately it seemed unlikely that the autocrats would give us "that pleasure." Later Lenin was to reply to western liberals who criticized his use of terror that, after all, if they had used such measures to defeat Germany, how could they object to the Bolsheviks following the same policy in order to achieve the new society?

The nineteenth century was almost spent in 1914, but the new age was not destined to begin amid such travail. It was the war itself which "canonized" violence. War in the twentieth century was to be total war, engaging whole populations and employing means of destruction hitherto inconceivable. With no holds barred! In 1899 an international conference at The Hague banned the throwing of projectiles from balloons. In 1945 liberal and kindly men gave the order that resulted in the wiping out in one blinding instant of one hundred thousand men, women, and children, most of whom would once have been regarded as non-combatants. There are few if any parallels in the past to the widespread practice of terror and cruelty in the years since 1914. We have learned to live with it only by developing thick hides, only at the cost of a serious blighting of the humane spirit of the nineteenth century.

A strange event took place on sectors of the western front on Christmas Eve of 1914. German soldiers left their trenches unarmed, singing hymns, and were met by British and French soldiers, with whom they exchanged greetings and gifts. "This," writes Cameron, "was the Christmas truce that the Commands had refused; it was the subject of many disciplinary measures and it was never to happen again." The nineteenth century was over.

Smollett and the Philosophers

Smollett and the Scottish School: Studies in Eighteenth-Century Thought. By Milton A. Goldberg. University of New Mexico Press. $3.00.

It is Dr. Goldberg's thesis that the true pattern of Smollett's novels can be most clearly seen if we read them in the light of the ethical, psychological, and sociological ideas of the eighteenth century Scottish philosophers. Thus the structure and development of *Roderick Random* become coherent and significant if we see the hero's adventures as revealing his

slow education in the proper coupling of passion and reason to achieve after many misadventures an ability to reconcile the "promptude of the head" and "the ardour of sensibility of the heart" which Adam Ferguson discusses in his *Essay on the History of Civil Society*. Ferguson and others saw reason and passion as complementary, with their union as a guarantee of civilized society, and Roderick learns this the hard way. The preposterous behavior of Peregrine Pickle in the novel of that name shows him the slave of an excessive fancy untempered with judgment, and this produces "the unrestrained pursuit of pleasures through the imagination" which in turn leads to "personal chaos and social isolation" until in the end Peregrine achieves stability and happiness by learning to correct the imagination by reflection in the manner recommended by Francis Hutcheson in his *Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections* and by other Scottish (and English) philosophers. *Ferdinand Count Fathom* is similarly concerned with the antithesis between art and nature and the ways in which they are to be reconciled as discussed by Adam Ferguson, James Beattie, Hugh Blair, and others, so that Fathom's cunning tricks and final fall and the substitution of Renaldo as protagonist in the last section of the novel can be seen as pointing to "a conclusion in which excessive *art* is encouraged to put its talents to better use in civil society, and defective *nature* is taught to moderate its excessive sensibility." Read in the light of the moral theories of Hutcheson, George Turnbull, James Beattie, and Lord Kames, *Sir Launcelot Greaves* emerges not as an inferior *Don Quixote* but as "a reflection of the typical eighteenth-century controversy between social- and self-love." (There is also an interesting discussion of the part played by ideas about alchemy in this novel.) And *Humphrey Clinker* is built around ideas about luxury and simplicity, primitivism and progress, noble savagery and civilization, and the necessity of reconciling or at least mediating between the pairs, which we find in the writings of Adam Smith, Ferguson, William Robertson, Lord Kames, and others. If we read Smollett's novels in the light of this philosophical background, the contradictions in his work and personality fade away and he appears as "a well-integrated representative of eighteenth-century thought" and more especially as a representative of "the Scottish Common-Sense School, which devoted itself to bridging the gap between the major oppositions of the century."

The brief summary I have just given inevitably does less than justice to Dr. Goldberg's thesis, which he argues in persuasive detail with the help both of close analyses of the plot of each novel and of illustrative extracts from philosophical works. The argument is often genuinely illuminating, and under Goldberg's guidance we do see patterns and

meanings in Smollett's novels that we had not seen before. We are not always convinced, however; and in particular the analysis of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* shows the author straining to fit a recalcitrant plot into a preconceived pattern of meaning. Sometimes as our mind goes backward to Fielding or forward to Jane Austen we cannot help wondering how far exactly the same philosophical ideas could not be found in their novels: *Pride and Prejudice*, for example, could perfectly easily be fitted into an art-nature antithesis and reconciliation. And could not even Richardson's Squire B—— be fitted neatly into the pattern which Goldberg finds in *Peregrine Pickle?* We remain unconvinced that Smollett's novels are all, and consistently, constructed under the influence of the particular philosophical ideas which Goldberg assembles for us. Nevertheless, the ideas are often relevant and often helpful to a proper understanding of elements in the novels. The book is in the strict sense a thesis: the author has a thesis to maintain and inevitably over-states his case; but his work will remain a necessary book for any future student of Smollett.

Having said that, I cannot help adding that it is a pity that Goldberg was content to put what seems to have been a doctoral dissertation straight into print without enlarging it to produce a better balanced and more complex study of Smollett. The substance of the present book—the text is only 185 pages, and the margins are wide—could comfortably go into a single learned article. It is the result of the working out of a single idea about Smollett. If Goldberg could have probed more closely into Smollett's attitude to Scotland, for example, and discussed not only such things as his use of names (has he ever asked himself, for example, why Lismahago is called Lismahago, and why Smollett should have used the name of a Lanarkshire village for a disputatious Scotsman?) but the whole deep-seated ambivalence of his position with respect to his native country, he would have found even more interesting patterns in *Humphrey Clinker* than he has already done. Smollett's interest in violence, his masochism, his combination of irascibility and sentimentality, are all bound up with his position in the English world of letters, and some investigation of these qualities, of their nature and meaning and how they operate in the novels, would have given depth and perspective to Goldberg's partial portrait. True, he has not set out to paint a portrait of Smollett, but to show how certain ideas work in his fiction. My point is that he should have enlarged his intention, both because the larger work is much needed and because his book is altogether too limited.

Even within his self-imposed limits, Goldberg seems to me to make some over-simplifications and to restrict himself harmfully. He talks throughout of "The Scottish School" (of moral philosophers) and "The

Scottish Common-Sense School" as though these terms were interchangeable and there was a single group of philosophers that thought along the same lines who could be called by either term. This is not so. Although it is true that Gladys Bryson in her sometimes misleading book lumps together the same philosophers that Dr. Goldberg does, they were not members of a single school nor were they all believers in "common sense." The "common sense" position in its true historical form was first developed by Thomas Reid in his attempt to disprove David Hume's sceptical conclusions by challenging his premises and attacking his epistemology. It was "common sense" because Reid's account of the origin of our moral and other ideas confirms what introspection and observation would suggest to the ordinary intelligent observer and eliminates the paradoxes in Hume's position. Dugald Stewart, Reid's disciple, could properly be described as another member of the "Common Sense School"—but Hutcheson, Hume, and Adam Smith (whose ethical theories belong in one way or another to the "Moral Sense School" that goes back to Shaftesbury who was, of course, not a Scottish philosopher at all) should not be so described; such a description does violence to the facts and obscures the important differences in their ideas. Together with these philosophers Goldberg associates (again as members of the same school) a host of literary critics, rhetorical theorists, aestheticians, and others whose philosophical backgrounds and mental habits differed widely. Monboddo, eccentric to the point of craziness, is solemnly quoted, and so, very respectfully, is that shallow and self-righteous professor and bad poet, James Beattie. True, these writers are quoted because they say things which seem to illuminate Smollett's novels. But Goldberg seems to make no attempt to get an over-all view of the ideas of the philosophers and critics concerned; he quotes out of their contexts passages that are of use to him. With very few exceptions, passages from non-Scottish philosophers could have been quoted making exactly the same points, and indeed (as in the passion-reason and nature-art antitheses and reconciliations) sometimes such passages could be found in the work of European writers at any period in the history of Western thought. What really made the "Scottish school" different from other eighteenth-century philosophers? Their interest in the relation between reason and passion, between imagination and judgment, between art and nature, and so on? Surely they shared these interests with philosophers all over Europe. Their distinctive features—the development of the "moral sense" idea, the interest in the psychology of rhetoric, the debate on epistemology and on the origin of ethical notions—are not really discussed by Goldberg. While it remains true that Smollett may well have got many of his ideas from Scottish philosophers under whom he may have studied in Glasgow

or whom he may have known in Edinburgh, and while the application of these ideas to his novels often proves most illuminating, it is misleading to suggest that Smollett could have picked up these ideas only in Scotland. There *is* an important book to be written on Smollett and Scotland; Goldberg's book is something more limited and at the same time more general.

One might object also to a lack of philosophical rigor in Goldberg's presentation of ethical and other theories. We forgive him the too frequent quoting of other people's paraphrases of the thought of the period ("Basil Willey, who describes the century as a conflict between opposing forces of art and nature, observes. . . ." "A recent and typical examination of popular as well as philosophical texts summarizes the conflict. . . .") because that seems to have become established as necessary in a thesis, but when he writes: "According to Smith, then, virtue consists of reason which is arrived at through experience and induction," we cannot help becoming a little peevish. "Reason which is arrived at through experience and induction"? You *arrive* at reason *through* experience and *through* what is itself a form of reasoning, namely induction? He must mean, "Virtue consists of acts or a state of mind produced by reason operating inductively on the data of experience." That, surely, and not what Goldberg wrote, is what Adam Smith meant. And where did Goldberg ever see the word "Scot" used as an adjective? He talks of "the closely-knit Scot society" and "identification with Scot tradition"—and this is neither English nor Scots. "Scot" can only be a noun; the adjective is Scots, or Scottish, or (frowned on in Scotland) Scotch.

But I do not want to end on a note of complaint. If this book is sometimes misleading and sometimes strained, it is often thoughtful, knowledgeable, and illuminating. I have become a better reader of Smollett for having read it.

Jesus College, Cambridge —David Daiches

Labor as History

The A.F. of L. From the Death of Gompers to the Merger. By Philip Taft. Harper and Brothers, 1959. $7.50.

All of us have at one time finished the last page of a book and muttered to ourselves that this was a good book but that there was something missing. Philip Taft, in completing his two-volume history of the American Federation of Labor, warns us of what we will miss—namely,

American society. He tells us that since he wants to "deliniate more sharply the activities" of the American Federation of Labor, he consequently would not "meander down the well-traveled highways of economic and social history and pluck a few statistics and facts to embroider the record." He keep his word, and consequently we have a fascinating story about an institution, but in a vacuum—a vacuum which we know the author is fully aware does not exist. Not only is society left out, but people are also. Names abound in this book, but not people. William Green, Matthew Woll, John L. Lewis, David Dubinsky, John Frey are all mentioned, but the author does not pause to tell us what kind of men they were. Surely, Green's personality (or lack of it) played an important role in this history of the American Federation of Labor. Surely, the political situation that surrounded the election of Green to the presidency of the American Federation of Labor after the death of Samuel Gompers should have been described somewhere in what the publishers call "the definitive history of the rise of American trade unionism." This book written by the professor of economics at Brown University generally ignores society and personalities, and yet still is one of the major contributions to the field of labor history. This is because of two factors: first, the interesting story that the author does tell of the activities of the American Federation of Labor; and, second, there are so few good books on labor history.

Philip Taft in this volume takes up the story of the A.F. of L. in 1924 and continues it up to the merger with the Congress of Industrial Organizations in 1955. He describes the lack of activity of the A.F. of L. during the 1920's; its reaction to the hardships of the depression; its upsurge with the New Deal and the many problems this growth brought along with it—particularly one, the split into two labor federations. In his discussion of the breaking off of the C.I.O. from A.F. of L., Taft loses his objective air. Although the A.F. of L. co-operated with the author in the preparation of the book, Taft does not hesitate to attack the way the A.F. of L. leaders handled the challenge of industrial unionism and the formation of the Committee of Industrial Organizations. He feels that it was difficult to follow the reasoning of the A.F. of L. leadership; advice they sought showed a "paralysis of intelligence"; and Green's arguments at one point were "almost frivolous." Yet Taft, because of his self-imposed blinders, analyzes the conflict mainly on its surface level. Professor James O. Morris who recently studied the origins of the C.I.O. in his *Conflict With the A.F. of L.* (Cornell University, Ithaca, 1958) goes beneath the surface and concludes that:

> The conflict was between the industrial unionists and the craft unionists, the lesser skilled and the higher skilled, the mass-production workers

> and the building and metal tradesmen, the "politicals" and those who thought almost exclusively in terms of collective bargaining, those who wanted to assure minimum standards even to the unorganized and those who thought in terms of particular union groups, those who eschewed bias toward Negro and women workers and those who practiced it, young leaders and old leaders, those who favored low dues and those who favored high dues, idealists who took in all society at a glance and business unionists who specialized in advancing the interests of a craft at a time. In the last analysis, the conflict was between the progressives and the conservatives.

The reader will find little if any of this story in Taft's book. He will only find the struggle over industrial unionism and over power, which Morris also describes. Taft, with his access to the papers of the A.F. of L., could have seen whether the Morris' thesis is correct. But such a synthesis is not forthcoming from the author, just detail after detail.

And it is in this ability to tell us the details of the American Federation of Labor's position on most matters that is the Brown University professor's main contribution to our understanding of the growth of the labor movement. We can see the switch in attitude toward politics of the A.F. of L. leadership; we learn in great detail of the growing involvement of the labor movement in international affairs; we see the role played by the Federation in World War II, its aftermath, and the Korean struggle; we note the growing concern with corruption and the steady concern with communism; and we see the beginnings of the attempt to solve the numerous jurisdictional disputes that have plagued the labor movement and the final joining together of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. into the present merged labor movement. Taft tells us this story simply and well. Anyone interested in the history of labor in the United States is in his debt. The blurb is right in calling it "an impressive contribution to American labor history," but this may be because there are so few impressive contributions.

Why is it that the exciting story of the development of American labor has been so relatively barren of major writing? There are many reasons. I would like to discuss only two. The first deals with the background and training of those who do write about the labor field; the second involves the attitude of the labor movement.

Two groups have done most of the writing on labor history. One has been the professional writer, or journalist, who writes a filiopietistic pot boiler, or a popular scandal sheet. The second group has been the economists. I know there are some economists who can write (one would hardly guess this from reading the *American Economic Review*) but somehow those who write about the labor movement often manage to wring the

excitement out of it (or society and people as Taft did) as they over-analyze or list fact after fact and forget that they are also telling a tale. It is no wonder that the general reader may have heard of (but not read) only one author in labor history—namely, Commons—this despite the real drama that goes into the story of some of the lives of labor leaders and the history of their unions.

But one cannot blame only the writers. Most of them try their best. The unions do not. Union papers disappear not only because the McClellan Committee investigators turn up, but because of a lack of concern. And even if the papers are in the union archives, they are frequently not made available to responsible researchers. Unions far too rarely (Taft's book is one exception) sponsor the writing of a book through a university so that the author is given free access to files and the freedom to write as he pleases. From the selfish point of view of labor unions, it is important that they do this. A student who went to college prior to World War II thought of businessmen as robber barons. The influence of Gustavas Myers and Matthew Josephson, to name only two, influenced the whole teaching of American history and had a tremendous impact. But no longer are the nineteenth century business leaders described in such tones in college courses today. There are many reasons for this change. One of them is that business leaders have given money to universities and they have had prominent scholars write about them. Surely, the books that Allan Nevins has written about Rockefeller and Ford have affected the thinking of those who first viewed them only as robber barons. And Nevins is an honest scholar, an excellent writer, and one whose political views (a supporter of Stevenson) would not make him the National Association of Manufacturer's candidate for a writer of business histories.

The dirty story now coming out about the labor movement is no doubt having its impact on the minds of Americans and the teachers of young Americans. "Robber barons" will be the term attached to labor leaders. One way this can be prevented is to do what business did—help reputable social scientists, with an ability to tell the story, describe honestly the dramatic story of the union or its leaders. The A.F. of L. has made an important step in helping Philip Taft; the C.I.O. has also made some grants from its Philip Murray Foundation funds. If other unions will assist (if nothing else, make their papers available), then more and more of the young writers will move into this relatively untapped field of labor history. Robber barons, whether of business or labor, do not disappear because of a book; they are only put into the perspective of time.

The American University —Albert A. Blum

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